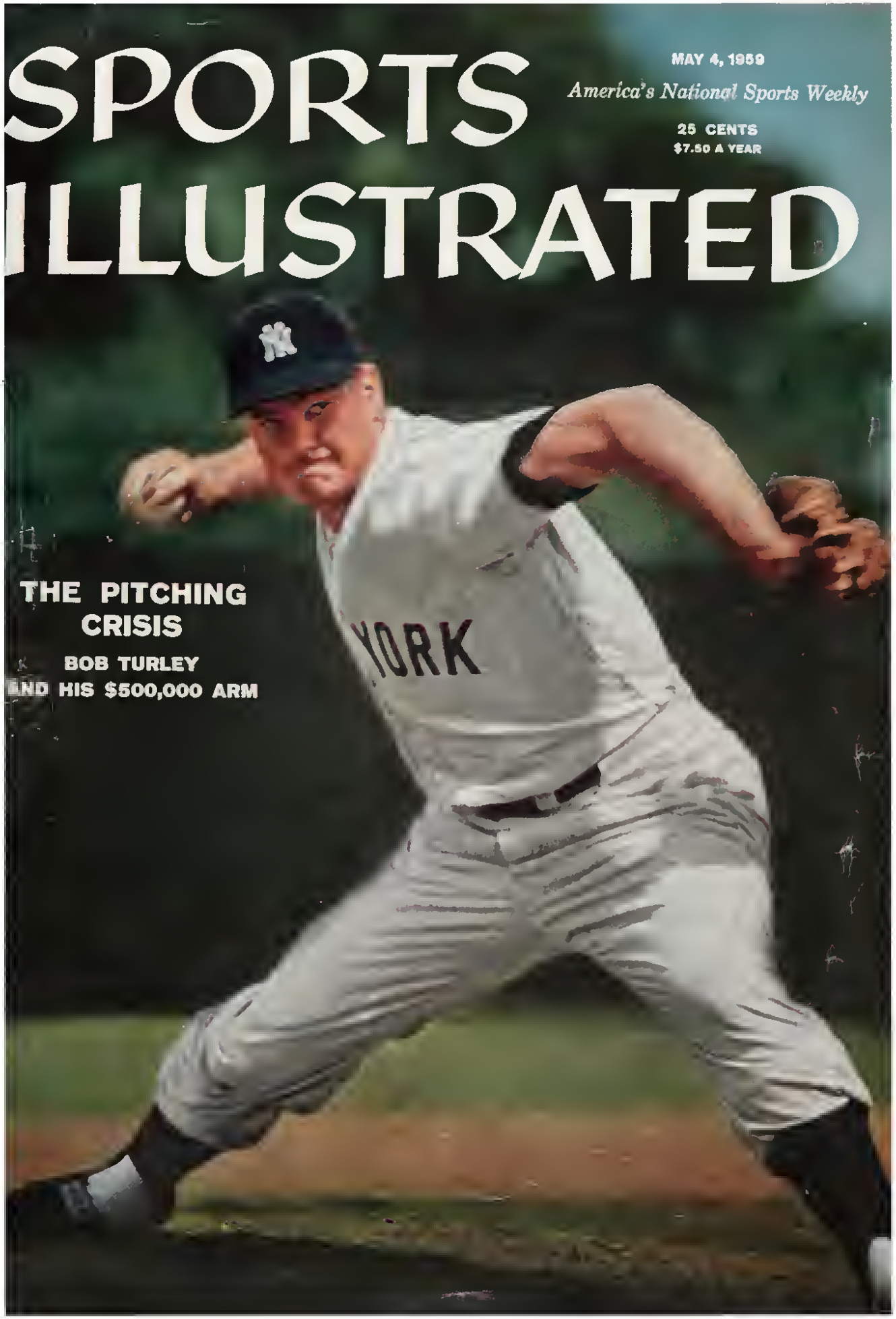
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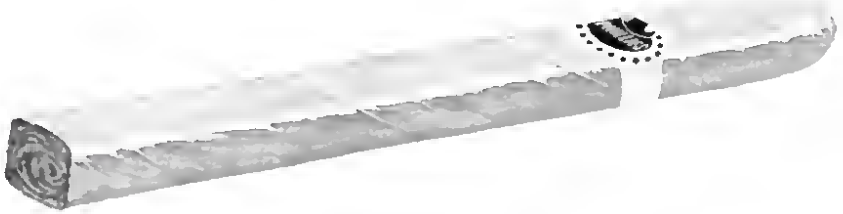
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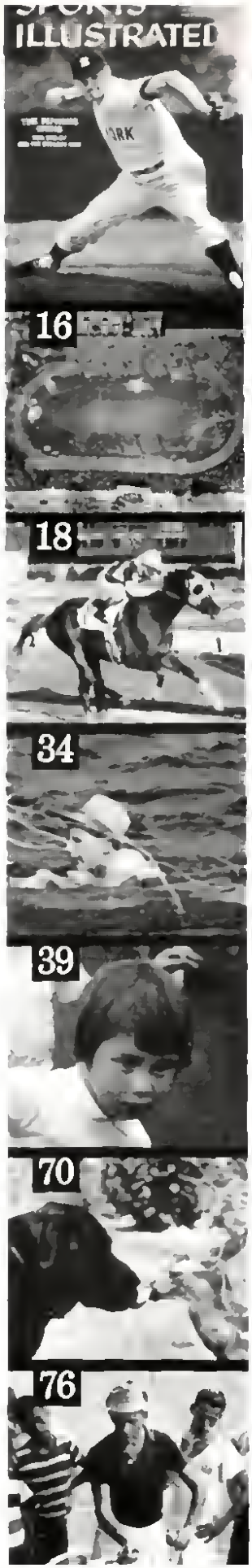
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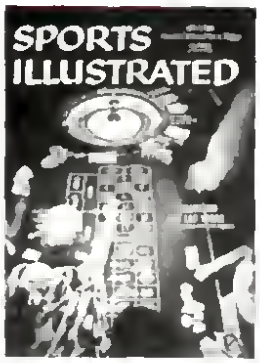


...er Bob Turley ▶

With an alarming frequency yesterday's winning pitcher is becoming today's medical question mark. For the story of baseball's critical pitching situation, turn to page 58

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

Next week



▶ Here is fabulous Las Vegas, gambling's booming neon-splashed, star-studded glamour town, shown in color photographs by Jerry Cooke and a report by Kenneth Rudeen.

▶ Whitney Tower reports from Churchill Downs on the running of this Saturday's Kentucky Derby, describes the vicissitudes that precedes it and the joy that follows

▶ Unveiling the Sporting Look for a sporting summer a varied selection of the best of the year's designs in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's quarterly preview of the season's fashions.

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ARPEGE

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MEMO *from the publisher*

FOR almost five years now, since the first issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, I have had frequent and pleasant occasion to introduce different people to you in this space. Some have been writers, editors and staff members. Others, from time to time, have been readers like yourselves. All in varying measure, and many in very considerable measure, have contributed to our growth and success.



ARTHUR MURPHY

This week's occasion for an introduction is most special, and the pleasure is, as you will see, most personal. For, as of May 1, Arthur R. Murphy Jr. becomes the new Publisher of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, and beginning with next week's issue you will find his signature below.

Since September, 1957 Art Murphy has been Associate Publisher and General Manager of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. He began his career with TIME Inc. in 1937, following his graduation from Boston University.

In 1938 he was assigned to FORTUNE's business office and four years later was appointed FORTUNE Business Manager.

After serving $2\frac{1}{2}$ years in the U.S. Army during World War II, Murphy returned to TIME Inc. to become Business Manager of LIFE. His promotion to General Manager came two years later, in 1947. From 1950 to 1952 he was Director of the MARCH OF TIME division. Returning to LIFE, he resumed his position of General Manager until he moved to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in 1957.

I joined TIME Inc. one year earlier than Art did, and our association therefore extends over more than two decades. During the past year and a half that association has closely combined not only a common interest in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED but a common interest in the world of sport, which we were sometimes able to share even beyond our official publishing duties. With many others I can testify to the stimulus of such experiences, for Arthur's easy familiarity with sport covers a range as wide as that of the magazine whose Publisher he now becomes.

In my new assignment I shall be Assistant to TIME Inc.'s Executive Vice President Howard Black. The continuing chance this offers to stay close to the people and the progress of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED enhances my anticipation of the change. Now as it takes place I hope you'll join me in welcoming Arthur Murphy.

Harry Phillips

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HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: *Who is the greatest polo player you ever saw?*



CECIL SMITH
Ten-goal player
San Antonio, Texas

Tommy Hitchcock Jr., a great hitter who had everything. He must have learned to ride before he could walk, because he and his pony were one. Most great players are individualists, but Tommy was strictly a team player. He was so great that he enjoyed playing only with and against the best in the game.



WM. S. FANSHAWE WHITE
New York City

My grandfather, Foxhall Keene. He was the greatest all-round athlete of his time and he could play any game in which a ball was used better than anyone else. Had he played football, he'd have been greater than Jim Thorpe. Tommy Hitchcock Jr. would have been the first to agree with me.



ROBERT C. ALEXANDER
Owner, Alexander Ranch
San Antonio, Texas

Cecil Smith. Before he came off a Texas ranch, where he trained his own ponies, polo was played by aristocratic gentlemen. Cecil was such a great player that he cracked the ranks and destroyed the tradition. We have a Texas Hall of Fame for all sports and Cecil is in it.



STEWART IGLEHART
Alltime 10-goal player
Delray Beach, Fla.

I played with Rao Raja Hanut Singh and the Maharaja of Jaipur, both great 10-goal players. Had they developed an appetite for the rugged type of American polo, they'd have been alltime greats. However, no player I've seen compares with Tommy Hitchcock Jr. or Cecil Smith, whom I rank on a par.



RUSSELL FIRESTONE JR.
Two-goal player
Dallas

Bob Skene of California is one of the greatest. There are some days when he can't do anything wrong, but the best active player I've watched and played with is Cecil Smith. Stewart Iglehart, now inactive, was fully as good as Cecil or any other player I ever saw.



LADDIE SANFORD
Former polo star
Palm Beach, Fla.

The oldtimers insist that Foxhall Keene was the greatest of them all, but he was before my time. Of all those I've seen play, Tommy Hitchcock Jr. was the greatest. He was a terrific competitor, had tremendous length of drive, perfect timing, and he was just plain aggressive.

continued

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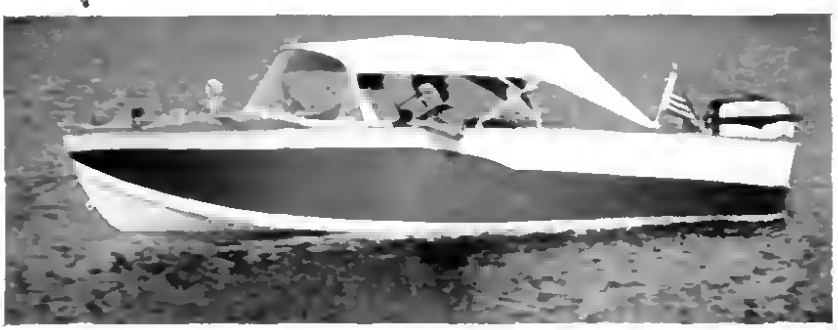
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BILL MAYER
Eight-goal player
Chicago and Delray Beach, Fla.

Stewart Iglehart. Not only could he do things better than anyone else; he had an uncanny sense of anticipation and was always at the right place at the right time. He also could hit the ball as far and accurately as anyone in the game. Beginning in 1927, Stew played in about 20 championships.



ROBERT E. STRAWBRIDGE JR.
Honorary chairman, U.S. Polo Assn.
Old Westbury, N.Y.

Devereux Milburn, a 10-goal player and the greatest back of all time, had the most influence on the development of polo from 1909 to 1927. This resulted in an entirely different game. There was no greater team than the Big Four—Milburn, Harry P. Whitney and the two Waterburys, Lawrence and Monty.



ALBERT J. MIDDLEBROOK JR.
President, stock brokerage firm
Old Saybrook, Conn.

I used to think that the greatest of all polo players was Tommy Hitchcock Jr., but after seeing Cecil Smith play at Boca Raton this past winter, I'm not so sure. Smith was head and shoulders over any player on the field. I think he's fully as good as Hitchcock. I would have a hard time choosing between them.



FRANK OE BLOIS
TV writer
Greenwich, Conn.

The late Tommy Hitchcock Jr., who was once a neighbor of mine and whom I much admired as a boy. In addition to being a terrific competitor, he revolutionized the game of polo by inventing the full swing to get a lot more distance on the ball. He was to polo what Babe Ruth was to baseball.

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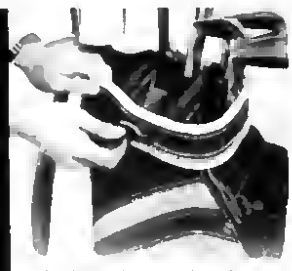
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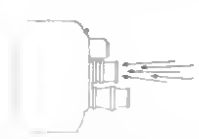
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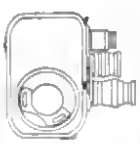
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COMING EVENTS

May 1 to May 7
All times E.D.T.

★ *Color television* ◉ *Television* ● *Network radio*

Friday, May 1

BOXING
◉ Patterson vs. Loodon, heavy title bout, 15 rds.,
● Indianapolis, 10 p.m. (NBC).

GOLF
Land of Sky Women's Open, $6,000, Asheville, N.C. (through May 3).

HORSE RACING
Kentucky Oaks, $35,000, Churchill Downs, Ky.

HORSE SHOW
Junior Essex Troop Show, West Orange, N.J. (through May 3).

TRACK & FIELD
Invitational Meet, Dallas

VOLLEYBALL
Natl. AAU Champs., Denver (also May 2).

Saturday, May 2

AUTO RACING
Natl. SCCA race, Denville, Va. (also May 3).
Natl. SCCA rally, Detroit (also May 3).
NASCAR Grand Natl. Division, Hickory, N.C.

BASEBALL
◉ New York at Cleveland, 1:55 p.m. (CBS)
◉ San Francisco at Milwaukee, 2:25 p.m. (NBC).
● St. Louis at Pittsburgh, 1:20 p.m. (Mutual).

BOATING (crew)
Blackwell Cup Regatta, Philadelphia
Compton Cup Regatta, Cambridge, Mass.
Goes Trophy Regatta, Ithaca, N.Y.
Biglin Cup, 150-lb. Regatta, Cambridge, Mass.
Wood Hammond Cup, 150-lb. Regatta, Philadelphia

HORSE RACING
◉ Kentucky Derby, $125,000, Churchill Downs,
■ Ky., 5:15 p.m. (CBS).
Tanforan Handicap, $35,000, Taoforan, Calif.

HURT RACING
Virginia Gold Cup Assn., Warrenton, Va.

LACROSSE
Cornell at Yale
Johns Hopkins at RPI
Ohio State at Oberlin

TRACK & FIELD
Metropolitan Intercollegiate Outdoor Champs., New York.
Vancouver Relays, Vancouver, B.C.

Sunday, May 3

BASEBALL
◉ Baltimore at Chicago, 1:55 p.m. (CBS)
◉ St. Louis at Pittsburgh, 12:55 p.m. (NBC)
● San Francisco at Milwaukee, 2:20 p.m. (Mutual)

BOATING
5.5-meter Edward Prince of Wales Cup series, Hamilton, Bermuda

DOG SHOW
Trenton Kennel Club, Trenton, N.J.

PENTATHLON
Intl. Modern Pentathlon Meet, San Antonio, Texas (through May 7).

PHYSICAL FITNESS
National Youth Fitness Week, by presidential proclamation (through May 9).

SOCCER
West Berlin All-Stars vs. German-American League Select, Randalls Island, New York.

Monday, May 4

LACROSSE
Duke at Maryland.

Tuesday, May 5

RODEO
The Tulsa Stampede, $7,500 (through May 10).

Wednesday, May 6

BASEBALL
■ Chicago at Pittsburgh, 1:20 p.m. (Mutual)

BOXING
◉ Giardello vs. Mims, middles, 10 rds., Washington, D.C., 10 p.m. (ABC)

VOLLEYBALL
U.S. Assn. Open Champs. and Pan-American team tryouts, men & women, Des Moines (through May 9).

Thursday, May 7

BASEBALL
■ Boston at Detroit, 2:20 p.m. (Mutual).

BOATING
Ensenada Ocean Sailing race, Newport, Calif.

GOLF
Oklahoma City Open, $25,000, Oklahoma City (through May 10).

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SCOREBOARD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

HORSE RACING With Derby time pushing ever closer, Bluegrass hardboots were still looking for a favorite. **Tomy Lee** showed courage beating down Dunce and Scotland to win $32,750 Blue Grass Stakes while **Sword Dancer**, Brookmeade's spunky little chestnut, earned new respect by sprinting home ahead of Easy Spur and Silver Spoon in Stepping Stone Purse.

TENNIS **Pancho Gonzales**, whose crackling service seemed to simmer down on tour (to trails **Lew Hoad** 12-5 in head-to-head matches) cranked it up again for Long pro championship tournament at Cleveland, hammered it past persistent Hoad to win 6-4, 6-2, 6-4 for his seventh straight title.

TRACK & FIELD Track buffs busy focusing on Penn and Drake Relays (*see page 16*) also had ear cocked for returns from South and Far West. At Norfolk, powerful **Dave Sime** lunged for tape (*below*) in time to nip Briton Peter Radford in 9.5 hundred, but was overtaken by France's **Jocelyn Delecour** in 21 flat 220. At Mt. San Antonio Relays in Pomona on California like cold tightened up some muscles particularly those of USC's **Dallas Long** who could do no better than 41 feet 10¾ inches



SIME GETS THERE AHEAD OF RADFORD

in shot put. However, **Bill Dellinger** warmed up long enough to run two miles in 8:48.2 for new U. S. citizens' record.

BOXING **Sugar Ray Robinson**, no easy man to pin down, was still wriggling and dodging after Justice Saul Streit of New York Supreme Court upheld Boxing Commission's right to vacate Robinson's middleweight title and gave him 15 days (until May 7) to sign to defend against Carmen Basilio. Challenged Sugar Ray defiantly: "Why wait 15 days? Let them do it right now. I'll fight Basilio some time, but not until I'm ready." But from California came word that perhaps Robinson was ready. Promoter Roy Warner, every bit the optimist, confidently announced that Sugar Ray had agreed to meet Basilio Sept. 21 at Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum for 15% of the gate. However, Basilio was not so sure. "It sounds like another camouflage job to me. That Robinson's pretty cute. He's always scheming."

Bumbed and befuddled by more left hands than he had seen in a month of Sundays, slowed-down Virgil Akins found himself inevitably worn down and outclassed by more agile Welterweight Champion **Don Jordan**, who punched his way to 15-round decision at St. Louis (*see page 68*).

faces in the crowd . . .



EDNA FACILITY, attractive wife of Bermuda-based Air Force captain and one-time New York junior golf champion was at her best against Mrs. Isabel Ridler winning 10 and 9 to take Bermuda Amateur title.



JACK NICKLAUS, 19-year-old Ohio State pharmacy student and perhaps golf's brightest young amateur, tuned up for Walker Cup by outscrambling Gene Andrews 1 up to win North-South Amateur at Pinehurst.



BILL WOODHOUSE, beefy piston-legged sprinter whose practice duels with Bobby Morrow have tuned him fine, anchored Abilene Christian relay team to records in 440 and 880 added win in 100 at Penn Relays.



ANGELA MORTIMER, veteran English tennis star with an eye on Wimbledon, adeptly cut 6-foot Christine Truman down to size to beat her younger rival 6-4, 2-6, 6-4 in British hard courts final at Bournemouth.



RAY BLUTH, crew-cut Budweiser bowler who has been obscured by more famous teammates Dan Carter and Tom Hennessey, won six straight, polishing off Bill Golembiewski 827-817 for ABC Masters title at St. Louis.



JACK BECKNER, swinging gracefully to victory in side horse test for first in parallel bars, scored 106.67 points for all-round title and led Los Angeles Turners to AAU gymnastics championship at Amherst, Mass.



JIMMY KILRICE, uncompromising hard-nosed umpire, was voted baseball writing's Man of Year by N.Y. turf writers "for maintaining integrity of secretary's office in grand tradition of John B. Campbell and Walter Vosburgh."

CONTINUED



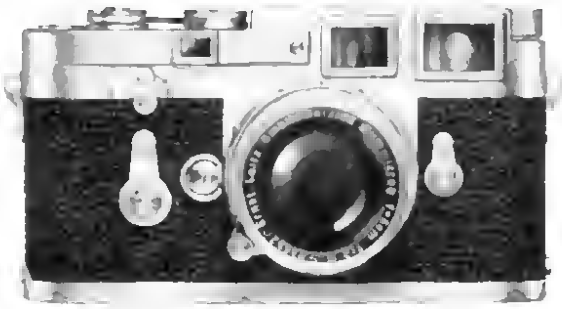
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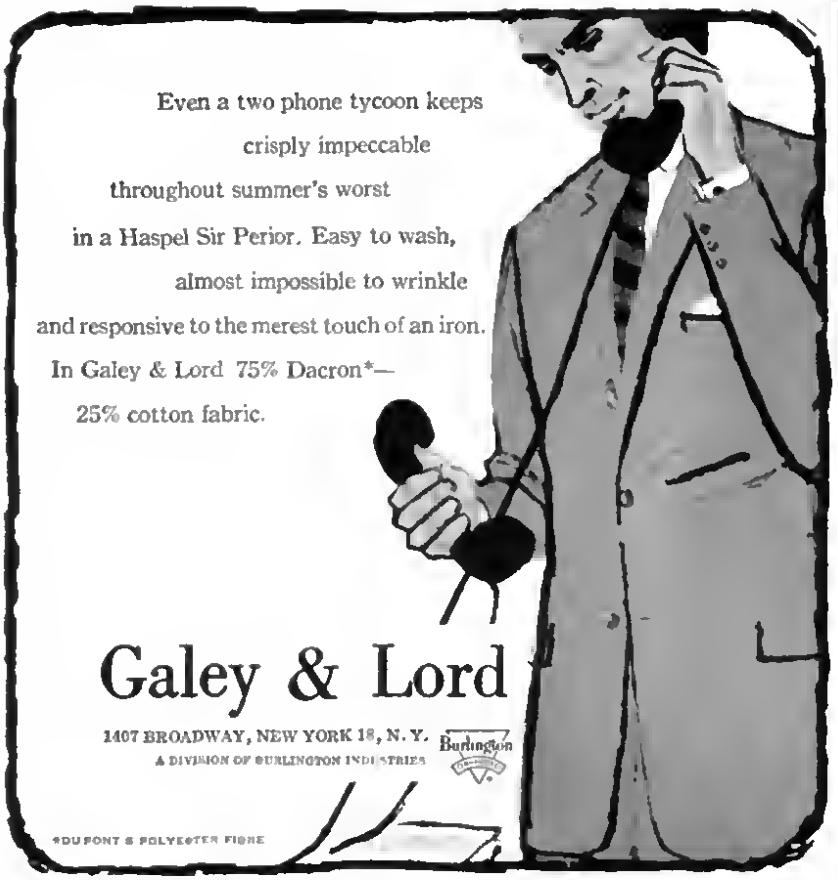


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SCOREBOARD *continued*

FOR THE RECORD

BOATING—*BERMUDA, over Long Island Sound, 3-2, Intl One-Design Class for Amorita Cup. HARTLEY WATLINGTON, Bermuda, Intl 14-ft. dinghy series for Princess Elizabeth Trophy, with 96½ pts. FRANCIS PATTERSON, Bermuda, Firefly Class series for Col R. J. Tucker Bowl, with 67½ pts. ALAN LEVINSON, Indianapolis, Snipe Class series for Bermuda Anniversary Trophy, with 80¾ pts; BERT DARRELL, Bermuda, over Sam Burton, Rye, N.Y., 2 races to 1, Intl One-Design series for King Edward VII Trophy, Royal Bermuda YC Race Week, Hamilton. PENN, over Princeton and Columbia, by ½ lengths, in 10:36 for 2 miles, to win Childs Cup, New York. CALIFORNIA, over USC, by 6 lengths, in 10:20 for 2 miles, Oakland, Calif.*

BOWLING—*PFEIFFER BEER, Detroit, open team title, with record 3,241 series. EDDIE LEBANSKI, Pfeiffer Beer, all-events with 2,116 and singles with 764; GIB FISCHBACH and BARNEY VEHIGE, St. Louis, doubles with 1,372, ABC Tournament, St. Louis.*

BOXING—*SPIDER WEBB, 4-round TKO over Neal Rivers, middleweights, Chicago. JOSE TORRES, unbeaten Puerto Rican middleweight, 5-round TKO over Joe Shaw, for his 12th straight, New York. JOE MICELI, 10-round decision over Art Aragon, welterweights, Hollywood, Calif.*

GOLF—*JACKIE BURKE JR., Kiamesha Lake, N.Y., shot sizzling 64 to beat Julius Boros by 5 strokes in 18-hole playoff for Houston (Texas) Invitational title and $2,500 first money. MIKE SOUCHAK, Grossinger, N.Y., skipped to 67 in last round but held off Art Wall Jr. to win Tournament of Champions with 281, Las Vegas. WIFFI SMITH, St. Clair, Mich., shot 211 for 54 holes, won Briny Rawls-Peach Blossom Open by 5 strokes, Spartanburg, S.C.*

HORSE RACING—*PIANO JIM, $26,975 Laurel H., 1⅛ m., by head, in 1:50 2/5, Laurel Boo Ussery up.*

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS—*STIRLING MOSS, Britain, 188-mile Grand Prix of Syracuse, in Cooper-Borgward, in 1:51.6, with 99.3-mph average. Syracuse, Sicily Runner-up, France's Jean Behra, in Ferrari, in 1:51:38.5. JOE and CELIA BECHTEL, Manhattan Beach, Calif., won 500-mile Arizona Border Great Canyon Rally, with 30-pt. error, Scottsdale. DON GARLITS, Tampa, set world drag-racing record of 185.566 mph, in Chrysler Dragster, Brooksville, Fla.*

SOCCER—*WOLVERHAMPTON WANDERERS, over Leicester City, 3-0, to clinch second straight English Soccer League title and berth in European Cup, London.*

STEEPLECHASE RACING—*FLUCTUATE, Maryland Hunt Club, 3 m., by 2 lengths in 8:51.2, to upset Mounding's foal for Triple Crown, Glyndon, Md. Crompton Smith Jr. up.*

TENNIS—*LEW GERRARD, 21-year-old New Zealander, beat Billy Knight, 3-6, 2-6, 6-2, 7-5, 9-7, for British hard courts title, Bournemouth.*

TRACK & FIELD—*PAT MITCHELL, Gainesville Texas H.S. senior, ran wind-assisted 18.1 for 180-yd. low hurdles to better U.S. high school record for second straight week, also won 100 in 9.4 and 220 in 20.5 with aid of 15-mph breeze, Dallas.*

MILEPOSTS—*APPOINTED: JOHNNY FRANKLIN, 35, whose Wharton County (Texas) Jr. College teams won seven conference titles and one national championship in 10 years, named Rice basketball coach to succeed Don Suman, who resigned under fire after Owls skidded into SWC second division. Thrilled Frankie: "The greatest thing that's ever happened to me—greatest thing since the invention of the Ford."*

•

DIED. OMAHA, 17, gangling chestnut son of Gallant Fox who carried William Woodward's Belair Stud silks to Triple Crown in 1935, at Grove Porter Stables, in Nebraska City, Neb., and buried beneath sculptured monument at entrance to Omaha's Ak-Sar-Ben race track.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4—Walter Daran 10—A.P. Rex—with Bermuda News Bureau; John C. Hummel; A.P.; Stanley Pirtle; Pierce Lent; A.P. 16, 17—Des Moines Register 18, 19—Centre Daily Times; Louisville Courier-Journal 25-27—drawings by Arby 28—Bill Mark 32, 33—John Rose 2; Jack Kelly 34, 35—John Walther; Gillon Argent 36—Martin Nathan 39, 40—Susan Greenbury 41—Jim Earl Benton; Susan Greenbury 42, 43—Jerry Cooke 44—Gene Pyle 49—Martin Nathan; Hans Wild & Pix 50, 51—Richard Meek 52, 53—charts by William Bernstein 54—Joe Waske 58—Jet; Gene Lesman; Grey Villet LIFE 59—UPI 62—Ralph Crane LIFE 66, 67—Leigh Weeks 68—A.P. 74—Richard Clarkson 77—Hans Knopf Pix 78—Max Peter Haas 80, 81—Esther Bubley LIFE

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by LES WOODCOCK

NATIONAL LEAGUE

The **Los Angeles Dodgers** looked like the mighty Ebbets Field wrecking crew of the past as they won four games in the eighth, ninth, 10th and 11th innings with some lusty hitting. It was newcomers, though, who recharged the Dodgers: Bonus Rookie Ron Fairly, who kept Carl Furillo on the bench so long; lanky Don Demeter, who quit uppercutting the ball and then whacked three homers in one game; and ex-Cardinal Wally Moon, with his Gashouse Gang hustle. The **Milwaukee Braves'** pitching turned sour against the Reds, of all teams. Warren Spahn lost two games within 24 hours, first as a starter, then as a reliever. The **San Francisco Giants** continued their erratic ways. ("What surprises me," said puzzled Manager Bill Rigney, "is how we can win our share and still play so lousy.") The **Cincinnati Reds** did a lot of hitting (24 extra base blows) but, with the exception of Brooks Lawrence, had bad pitching. The **Chicago Cubs**, who will rise or fall with their young pitchers, got fine performances from Bob Anderson, Glen Hobbie and Moe Drabowsky. Hobbie, who has learned to control his curve, was especially brilliant with a one-hitter. The **Pittsburgh Pirates**, more relaxed now, started moving up in the standings. They pulled two losing games out of the fire with big late-inning rallies and received complete-game victories from Harvey Haddix and Vern Law. Now if only Bob Friend would start winning. The **Philadelphia Phillies** and the **St. Louis Cardinals** got some good pitching at times, but both teams were hurt by a lack of opportune run scoring ability.

Standings: LA 9-5, Mil 7-4, SF 9-6, Cin 7-6, Chi 7-7, Pitt 5-7, Phil 5-7, StL 4-11

AMERICAN LEAGUE

The **Cleveland Indians** steam rollered around the West (40 runs, 8 HRs in four games) and a runaway seemed in the making. Then defense and pitching let down against Chicago. The Indians lost three in a row and found out how quickly a team can come back to the pack. The **Chicago White Sox'** usually tight defense cracked a bit and the hitting was only so-so, yet the team kept on winning. The **Baltimore Orioles** enjoyed unaccustomed prosperity as they won four tight games in a row (each in their last turn at bat) and found first place only a game away. Knuckle baller Hoyt Wilhelm, finding a new life in the American League, won two complete games during the week. The **Kansas City Athletics** also had an

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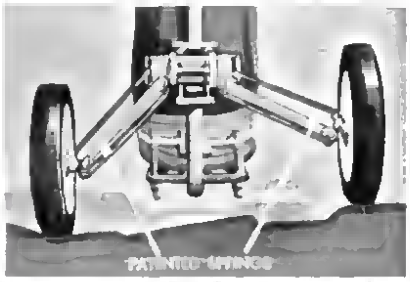
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Play Golf — National Golf Day — June 6

unusually good week as their pitching carried the team for a change (except for one incredibly bad game—10 walks in one inning, 20 runs in all). Bob Grim, the ex-Yankee reliever, won two—one a four-hitter. The **New York Yankees** looked pretty ordinary as they scored only 10 runs in 52 innings against the Senators and Orioles, losing four out of five in the process. ("We aren't hitting with men on base," growled Casey Stengel.) **Boston Red Sox** General Manager Bucky Harris found his team had different problems: "We'll have to trade for pitchers. Our hitters are hitting but the opposition is hitting better." The **Washington Senators** obtained unexpectedly good pitching from Russ Kemmerer and Bill Fischer. The shell-shocked **Detroit Tigers**, averaging four pitchers a game, gave up 56 runs, scored 17. "We're not panicky, but you have to be concerned when you can't get off the ground," stated GM Rick Ferrell.

Standings Clev 10-4 Chi 9-5 Balt 9-5 KC 7-6
NY 6-7 Bost 6-7 Wash 6-8 Det 1-12

STARS OF THE SEASON

	American League	National League
THE BEST PITCHERS		
Games won	Ramos Wash 3-1	2 with 3-0
Complete games	Ramos Wash 3	2 with 3
Hits per game	Ford NY 5.09	Hobbie Chi 4.50
Walks per game	Shaw Chi 1.13	Friend Pitt 1.29
SOs per game	Score Clev 9.00	Drysdale LA 9.38
Runs per game	Ford NY 0.39	Hobbie Chi 1.00
THE BEST HITTERS		
Percentage	Power Clev .429	Aaron Mil .479
Home runs	Held Clev 5 (1 per 7 AB)	Mathews Mil 7 (1 per 6½ AB)
Extra base hits	Bertoia Wash 8	Agee Mil 11
	Skowron NY 8	Cepeda SF 11
Runs scored	Power Clev 14	Mathews Mil 13
THE BEST TEAM PERFORMANCE PER GAME		
Most runs	Cleveland 7.08	Cincinnati 5.92
Fewest opp. runs	Cleveland 3.08	2 with 4.00
Most hits	Cleveland 10.08	Milwaukee 9.82
Fewest opp. hits	Cleveland 6.83	Chicago 7.92
Most HRs	Cleveland 1.66	Cincinnati 1.33
Fewest opp. HRs	Kansas City 0.67	San Francisco 0.71

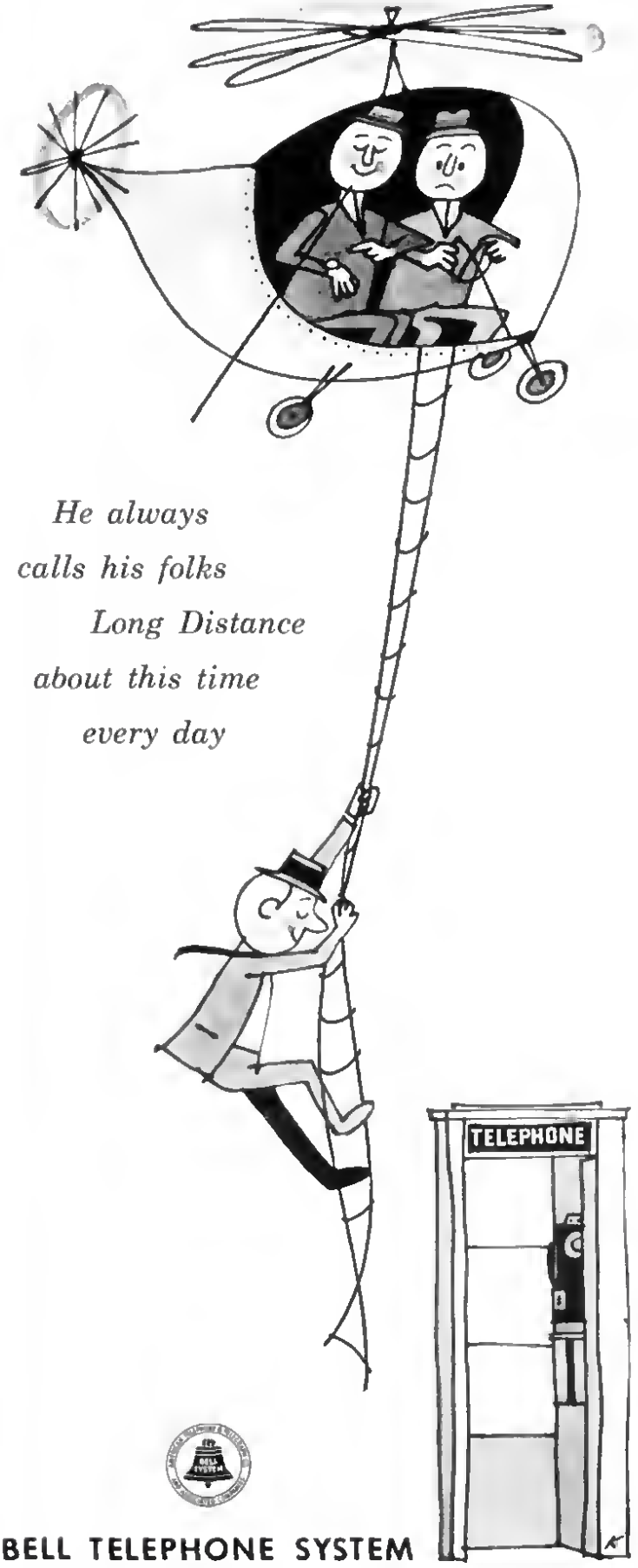
TEAM LEADERS

	Batting		Homers		Pitching	
AMERICAN LEAGUE						
Clev	Power	.429	Held	5	3 with	2-0
Balt	Tasby	.404	Triandos	4	E. Johnson	2-0
Chi	Fox	.377	4 with	2	4 with	1-0
NY	Siebern	.340	Skowron	4	2 with	2-0
Bos	White	.393	Jensen	3	Daloch	2-0
KC	Maris	.313	Maris	3	2 with	2-1
Wash	Bertoia	.327	3 with	3	Ramos	3-1
Det	Kaline	.412	Yost	3	Hoeft	1-1
NATIONAL LEAGUE						
Mil	Aaron	.479	Mathews	7	Burdette	3-0
LA	Roseboro	.333	Demeter	6	Klippstein	2-0
SF	Alou	.400	Cepeda	5	Antonelli	3-0
Chi	Banks	.367	Banks	4	2 with	2-0
Cin	Thomas	.362	2 with	3	Purkey	2-1
Phil	Jones	.375	2 with	2	Semproch	2-0
Pitt	Burgess	.423	9 with	1	Face	2-0
StL	Cimoli	.302	H. Smith	2	Mizell	2-1

RUNS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted In	Total Runs Produced
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Power, Clev. (.429)	14	5	19
Strickland, Clev. (.372)	9	10	19
Minoso, Clev. (.274)	12	7	19
Triandos, Balt. (.282)	6	12	18
Aparicio, Chi. (.311)	9	8	17
Skowron, NY. (.304)	8	9	17
Stephens, Bos. (.250)	8	9	17
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Cepeda, SF. (.333)	12	10	22
Banks, Chi. (.367)	8	13	21
Pinson, Cin. (.340)	10	10	20
Mathews, Mil. (.283)	13	7	20
Demeter, LA. (.326)	9	10	19

Boxed statistics through Saturday, April 25



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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
MAY 4, 1959

HIGH FOCUS ON HIGH HOPES

A big track weekend showed that the core of U.S. strength lies in the heart of the country

by TEX MAULE

As the outdoor track and field season hit full stride last weekend before the eyes of 40,000 cheering buffs at the Penn Relays in Philadelphia and another 18,000 at the Drake Relays in Des Moines, it became increasingly clear that the bulk of the U.S. national team which goes against the Russians this summer will come from the Midwest and Southwest.

For the great central sector of the country, the Drake Relays are the glamor meet of the season, an annual showcase for superb performances. This year 13 meet records were broken at Drake, a sure harbinger of big things to come. Olympian Eddie Southern anchored Texas to a mile-relay record. Olympian Glenn Davis set a new mark in the invitational 440. Jim Graham turned in the first 15-foot pole vault in Drake Relays history. Hayes Jones ran the fastest high hurdles and Ira Murchison the fastest 100-yard dash (when he edged Olympic Sprint Champion Bobby Morrow in 9.4) though their records were declared unofficial because of a following wind.

Possibly the most interesting record breaker of all at Drake was Bill Alley, the burly Kansas javelin thrower who set his third meet record in three weeks. Aerial bombs were bursting high over the stadium to announce the end of the two-day carnival and the crowd was rising to leave when the public address system boomed out the report that Bill Alley had hurled the javelin 253 feet 5½ inches to break the old mark by more than 20 feet. Alley, a relatively unfamiliar name in track and field, epitomizes the new and increasingly successful effort on the part of our young athletes to establish U.S. prestige in events where we have been sadly lacking of late.

Bill Alley is an intense young man of 22 who collects Indian artifacts and throws the javelin. He started both avocations at the same time, and as of now he is the best American javelin thrower since the Indians deposited the artifacts he digs up near his Short Hills, New Jersey home. Although he says otherwise, it seems reasonable that a determining factor in his transfer last year from Syracuse University to the University of Kansas is that Lawrence, Kansas, near the Kaw River, was at one time rather heavily populated with Indians. But Alley spends more time driving spikes into trees and throwing javelins than he does searching for arrowheads.

"I really came to Kansas because I wanted to be on a national champion track team," he said recently. "I think we may make it this year." Alley is a loose-limbed, powerful athlete whose 217 pounds are draped deceptively over a tall, broad frame. He probably knows as much about the technique of throwing a javelin and about the aerodynamic characteristics of the javelin itself as anyone else in the country ("He has taught me things," Kansas Assistant Coach Rex Grossart says).

Alley set a new American record in the javelin throw at the Texas Relays early in April when he hit 270 feet 1½ inches. He threw only once, and on that throw he tore loose some adhesions in his elbow which had formed following an operation in 1957.

"I could feel it go," he said afterward. "It wasn't serious, but since the first throw was good enough I didn't want to take a chance."

Alley likes to warm up after the other competitors are well along. He usually takes his practice throws outside the stadium, in relative seclusion, and then walks in to the javelin range. By then, the other javelin men have stripped off their sweat suits and are getting off fairly long throws. Alley, a student of human nature as well as of aerodynamics and javelin technique, trots up to the runway, sweat suit still on, and casually



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW of Des Moines' Drake Stadium shows javelin thrower cocking



arm (*small arc, upper right*) and runners on straightaway (*bottom*). White arcs and lines define discus (*left*), javelin and shot put throwing areas, while white grid in center indicates lanes used by grade-school kids for preliminary shuttle relay races.

unleashes a heave of some 230 feet.

"It shakes them up a bit," he says. "They watch the javelin and see where it lands and they lose some of their concentration. They begin worrying about me and not about their own problems."

Of course, Alley's opponents still manage to get off good throws. At the Kansas Relays, for instance, Bill trailed through the preliminary throws. Alley had improved the streamlining of his javelin by filling in the angle between the raised cord grip and the shaft with plastic, and was upset when the meet field judge ruled the javelin illegal. This happened just before Alley was to take his first throw, and he scurried about, frantically looking for another javelin which had been weighed and approved. He borrowed one finally and threw it quickly, the throw good for only about 220 feet. Then Alley raced back to the Kansas Field House and scraped the plastic off his own javelin, had it reweighed and came back. His next throw was another bad one, for him, again about 220 feet. On the third throw of the preliminary round he got off a high, strong cast, the javelin boring up until it hit a stream of wind pouring over the edge of the concrete stadium. The turbulence lifted the nose of the javelin, and the cast, which on a less windy day might have been good for 260 or more, died at 220 again.

Alley conferred with Grossart, the Kansas assistant, who explained that the turbulence began at the level of the top of the stadium.

"I'll aim at the bottom of the flag," Alley said, looking at the end of the stadium, where the flag snapped under the gray, rain-laden skies.

In the next round, the first in the finals, Alley got off a throw like a Texas golfer hitting a drive into the wind. The javelin sailed just under the layer of turbulence and landed 254 feet out, good for a first place and a meet record and good enough for Alley to quit for the day.

Alley is a perfectionist in the technique of throwing a javelin. "I guess I got interested because when I was a kid and we played games throwing spears and things, I could throw a little farther than the other kids," he said. "Then a guy named Jim Farrell helped me a lot when I was in the seventh and eighth grades. He had a track and field club and he taught all the kids the way to throw the

continued on page 74

FROM HERE TO CONFUSION

Two Kentucky Derby trials fail to produce a definite favorite for this week's classic, so the race remains a wide-open affair

by WHITNEY TOWER

IN THE Bluegrass country of Kentucky, Derby fallout was spreading like a California smog. Even the hardened veterans of this knockdown, drag-out May festival were infected with puzzlement and suspense over just exactly what was going to happen this Saturday when a field of anywhere from 15 to 30 3-year-old quadrupedal projectiles are released from the launching gate at Churchill Downs to determine which of them can cover a mile and a quarter without the use of turboprops, jet assists or fuels other than oats and hay.

As owners, trainers, jockeys, turf writers, local citizens and thousands of happy-go-lucky invading "foreigners" barreled boldly through the labyrinth which is Churchill Downs itself, only one thing was positively clear: the inconclusiveness of two of the final three Derby prep races meant that the approaching 85th classic was as much of a slot-machine, you-pick-'em affair as could ever be conceived. There was very much over which to speculate: Would Silver Spoon, decisively beaten in the seven-furlong Stepping Stone Purse by both Sword Dancer and Easy Spur, still give the Derby a try, or would the game filly go in the Kentucky Oaks against her own sex instead? Would Willie Shoemaker be on the better Derby mount with Tomy Lee (to whom he was bound by prior commitment) or Sword Dancer, whom he had also ridden victoriously? Would able Trainer H. A. (Jimmy) Jones, after watching Calumet's temperamental On-and-On run so discouragingly in the Stepping Stone, give him one more chance in the big one?

Last week's pair of prep races were both exciting if not solidly indicative of things to come. In the Blue Grass, Tomy Lee was hard put to beat Claiborne Farm's Dunce at a

FLASHING TO THE FAMED CHURCHILL DOWNS FINISH LINE IN ONE OF THE FINAL PREP RACES BEFORE THE DERBY, SWORD DANCER



mile and an eighth in the good but not spectacular time of 1:48 3/5. This Tudor Minstrel colt doesn't win his races with much to spare (this time the margin was only half a length), but nonetheless he does a thoroughly workmanlike job and has never yet been known to give up. Shoemaker was hardly ecstatic over the race, and confided to friends that he had some frank suspicions about Tomy Lee's ability to pull off the same trick when the distance was lengthened by an eighth of a mile.

But Willie the Shoe did not appear to have the same doubts about Sword Dancer, whom on Saturday he rode to victory in the Stepping Stone. And the sentimentalists who turned out to watch C. V. Whitney's filly Silver Spoon in her first engagement with eastern colts were disappointed to see her beaten 2½ lengths. And yet, her race was far from a disgrace.

The Derby starting status of Silver Spoon was to depend on her showing in one prep race, and in midweek Trainer Bob Wheeler decided to make the trial test as stiff as it could be. Instead of putting her in the Oaks Prep for fillies, he'd shoot for a more positive line on her by tackling colts—and good ones at that. "We'll know more by sending her seven furlongs against colts than six furlongs against fillies," said he. But on race day Wheeler had mixed feelings. While proclaiming on the one hand that her final blowout (three eighths in :34 2/5) "really set her up on her bicycle," he also noted thoughtfully that "she's a little more nervous than usual." And, looking over the past performances of his rivals, he commented frankly, "I don't know how she's going to beat these colts going seven eighths. I'd feel a lot better if it was a mile and an eighth."

BEATS EASY SPUR AND SILVER SPOON



A LOST INTERSST

If it had been, Silver Spoon might not have fared as well as she did. On the break she tore out of the gate even with Sword Dancer, On-and-On and Easy Spur, and for the first part of it this quartet ran along the backstretch like a well-coached team. Then Steve Brooks, on the Calumet colt, took back. "As soon as I did," said Brooks, "my horse never got with it again. He just lost interest."

But Sword Dancer, on the inside, was right with it, and Ray York had Silver Spoon right alongside as Bill Hartack was just outside this pair on Easy Spur. Turning for home, said York, "I was head and head with Sword Dancer and I thought we'd win easy. But suddenly she got tired and for the last part of it she was walking." If so, it was fast walking. Sword Dancer, in winning by a length over Easy Spur, who had defeated him in the Florida Derby by three-quarters of a length, was clocked in 1:22 1/5 and Silver Spoon finished third, another length and a half back. York was more inclined to blame the track, which he said was "all cut up," than anything else for Silver Spoon's first defeat in seven starts, but Wheeler was satisfied with her showing.

"We won't make a decision about the Derby for a few more days," he stated. "Mr. Whitney is due in a few days and I imagine he'll want to watch more of the opposition in the Derby Trial before deciding."

While most horsemen who saw Silver Spoon's race thought she ran creditably enough against two of the Derby's favorites, I didn't find one who felt this race would enhance her Derby chances. "If she were mine," said one old hand, "I'd set aim on the Oaks and the rest of the year's big filly and mare stakes—and forget about the colts." If Silver Spoon tackles the Oaks this Friday instead of Saturday's Derby she should be odds-on.

As for Sword Dancer, it is possible, as Shoemaker suggested after the race, "that they wouldn't have caught him if they'd had to go around again." This colt by Sunglow may be, as some critics maintain, a little on the small side to fit the classic pattern, but then small colts have won the Derby before. At any rate, his handsome trainer, 35-year-old Elliott Burch, thinks he has the horse right here. "He may be small," says Burch, "but he's the blocky sort, not rawboned. He has good shoulders, good quarters, and you'll go a long way to find one as sound as he is right now."

Easy Spur, James D. Norris' gelding by Crowfoot, likes to uncork a stretch run and it could be that the Stepping Stone's distance was hardly to his liking. Norris, who watched Easy Spur's defeat last week, was inclined to blame it on post position (he was on the outside) and still maintained, "My horse is as good as any in the Derby." Later, however, it was reported that Easy Spur had come out of the race with a rapped ankle and his starting status was doubtful even to Norris.

Most of the other horses who sat out last week's prep races in Kentucky to await the Derby Trial itself were relegated by the handicappers to the role of long shots with little or no chance, and a good number would eliminate themselves with the performances in the Trial. In indisputably high regard, however, were First Landing and Our Dad. First Landing, given a more practical ride by Eddie Arcaro in the recent Wood Memorial, would have beaten Manassa Mauler and Eddie isn't apt to make the same mistake twice. Our Dad, a surprise and unlucky third in the Wood—he was finishing faster than anyone in the race—still has to overcome the greenness which stamped his winter running. **END**

WHITNEY TOWER PICKS

1 First Landing

2 Sword Dancer

3 Our Dad

Readers should know that in order to meet his press deadline Tower had to make his choices before the running of Tuesday's one-mile Derby Trial.

SPECTACLE

Photographed by John G. Zimmerman

Desert Golf Explosion

Palm Springs has erupted into a congress of golf courses to inspire one of the nation's geudiest real estete booms in the no-ionger-lone preirie

THE MOUNTAINS rise like giant slag heaps from the ashen floor of the desert. Water seldom occurs in its natural state and only four inches of rain fall a year. The land was so inhospitable to anything except prairie rattlers and sand lizards that the early settlers rushed right past it, and the advance scouts of California realtors did not plant their flags and promises in it until the turbulent '30s.

Yet today Palm Springs, Calif. is able to bill itself with a perfectly straight face as the "Winter Golf Capital of the World." A staggering total of 11 golf courses dots an area which holds only 15,000 permanent residents. The President of the U.S. made a special 2,300-mile trip to play there. Sturdy show business monuments like Bing Crosby and Bob Hope are abroad on its green fairways daily. Detroit auto tycoons like Ernest Breech, chairman of the board of Ford, share golf carts with cowboy actors and live in planned country club communities which permit stepping over a hedge onto the tee each morning and help Palm Springs promoters pay off an estimated $15 million gamble on golf as the biggest real estate come-on of them all.

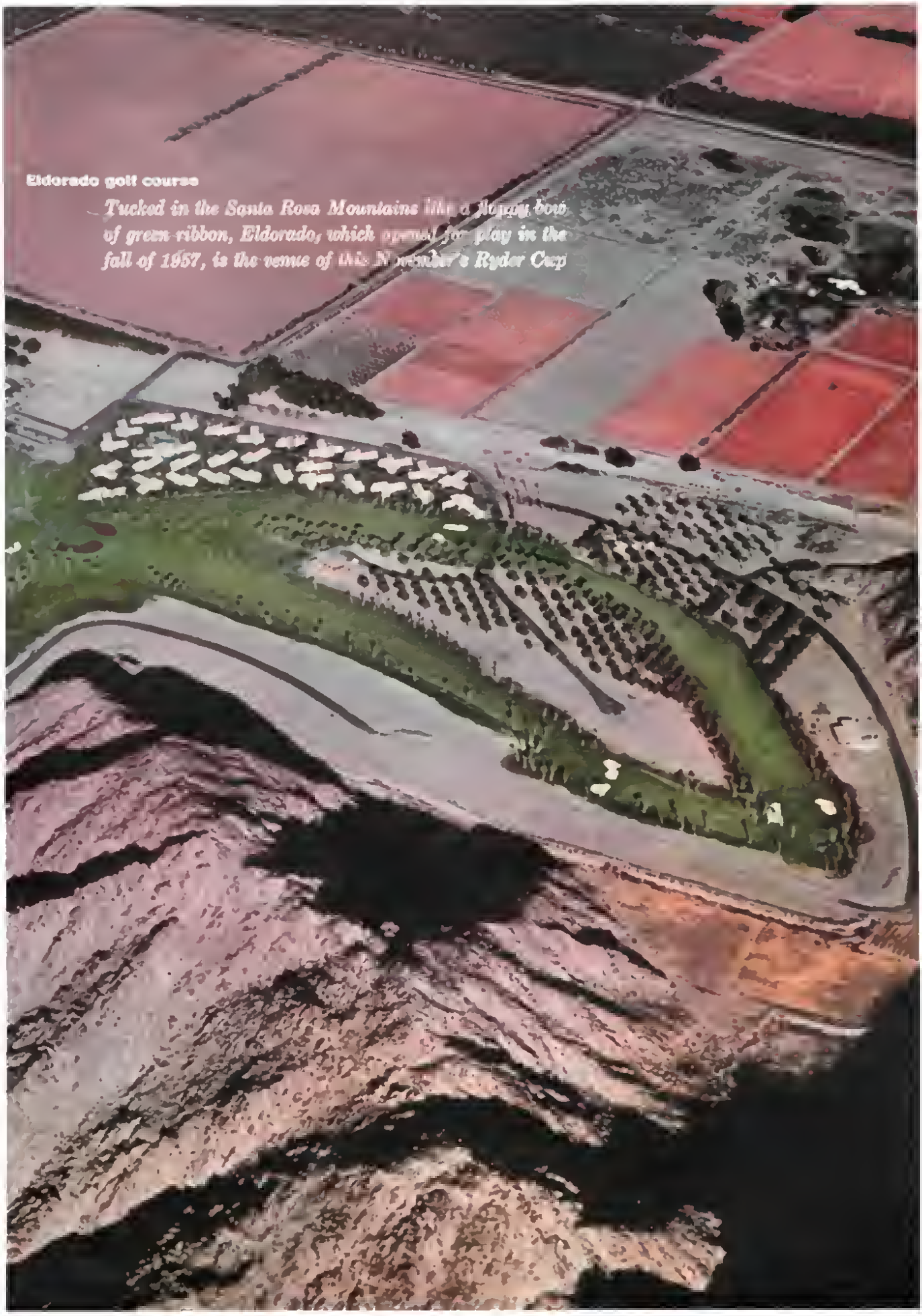
Where only a sporty little nine-holer disturbed the desert rats' tranquillity 30 years ago, the new courses' clubhouses are spectacular chrome-and-glass triumphs of architecture, with sunken bars and underground garages for their log jam of carts and they require 1,250,000 gallons of water per day to keep fairways green in an ocean of sand. Living and golfing in the lush leisure of Thunderbird, Eldorado, Tamarisk, Indian Wells and Bermuda Dunes has become such boom business that the population is expected to explode out of the sand to 65,000 by 1971. The hucksters of this real property hawk their wares in cleated shoes, and even lured the 1959 Ryder Cup matches to Palm Springs for the second time.

Bermuda Dunes

An artificial lagoon and constant play of sprinklers underscore new courses' fight to survive







Eldorado golf course

Tucked in the Santa Rosa Mountains like a flagstaff bow of green ribbon, Eldorado, which opened for play in the fall of 1957, is the venue of this November's Ryder Cup



Tamarisk Country Club *Tree-sprinkled Tamarisk course lies just northwest of Eldorado on Highway 111. In background is famed Thunderbird Country Club*

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Carrots for Fitness

NEXT WEEK, in response to presidential proclamation, the United States celebrates National Youth Fitness Week. It would be agreeable to report that the celebrations will consist of a round of effortless push-ups by a citizenry 100% hale and hearty, but such is not quite the case. Like motherhood, physical fitness is held in universal high regard, but like the weather, it is more often discussed than perfected.

In the riven world of today, it is an encouraging fact that East and West alike recognize the vital dependence of national welfare on national health. There is, moreover, an apparent hearty agreement on both sides of the Iron Curtain that fitness cannot be achieved by proclamation alone, or even by dictatorial fiat. As the chief executive of a democratic people, President Eisenhower can do little more about the fitness of his nation than call attention to its lack and hope responsible citizens will



take note. The fact that many Americans are doing so is amply attested by the story beginning on page 39 of this magazine.

Even on their side of the fence, however, Dictator Khrushchev and his predecessors have had to recognize the fact that a nation's health cannot be simply commanded. This recognition has given rise to a Soviet-wide sports program of enviable dimensions in which the people of Russia are urged rather than driven to greater fitness.

The most recent development in this program is the institution of a new Soviet award—the Commemoration Medal—which in Soviet sporting circles should be roughly tantamount to the Order of Lenin. It is given only to those Russian athletes who can better the proven best in their line. Vladimir Kuts, one of the first three Soviet athletes to earn the medal, set a world record for the 5,000-meter run of 13:35.0 in Rome in 1957, and any Russian hoping to win the medal in the future in that event must equal or better his record. The world's record for the 100-meter dash is 10.1 seconds; the Russian record 10.3. The new standard for Soviet medal winners will be 10.2. A decathlon man must pile up at least 8,000 points to win; a high jumper must equal the height of 7 feet ½ inch achieved by Yuri Stepanov, another pioneer medal winner.

It is the Soviet notion that many a little Russian boy will dream of wearing the medal of Kuts and Stepanov one day and busily build his biceps in preparation. By the same token, though a different award, many a kid in the U.S. dreams of hitting a ball like Ted Williams, and becomes a better and healthier schoolteacher or stockbroker because of the dream.

It is up to a nation to provide the opportunity and the incentive, but only the individual can provide the body and the effort to keep fit. And though we may sometimes long to beat him into shape, the carrot of encouragement, as any dietician can tell you, is far richer in vitamins than the stick of enforcement. One doesn't go out to play for the sake of a fitter nation; one goes out to play, and a fitter nation follows.

continued

They Said It

DOUGLAS MACARTHUR II, *U.S. Ambassador to Japan, on his fishing during a stopover in Okinawa: "I feel certain I have established some kind of world's record. I caught a fish no bigger than the end of my fingernail, but managed to keep him hooked."*

FIDEL CASTRO, *onetime pitcher, on hearing that the Havana Sugar Kings might shift their International League franchise: "I don't want the Sugar Kings to go away from Cuba. I'll even pitch for them. I was not something like Baby Ruth, but sometimes I got nine zeros" (meaning he occasionally shut out the opposition).*

GUS TRIANDOS, *Baltimore Orioles catcher, mulling over a game in which he drove in five runs, was charged with two passed balls and committed one error: "At least I drove in more runs than I let in."*

GEORGE ANGELOS, *San Francisco nightclub proprietor, launching a back-to-the-Polo Grounds drive: "Ever since the Giants came here I've been asking myself, 'Why did the best brains in the country who represent Wall Street let the Giants leave New York?' Look—who goes to nightclubs? The sporting crowd, right? I'm a sports-minded citizen myself, but on the nights when the Giants are playing, I'm dying."*

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Decision in Montana

LAST WEEK the student body of the University of Montana fought it out in a campus demonstration of a major political decision—the sort of thing that happens everywhere, though often in less clear-cut terms. The football team of the University of Montana (3,300 students) has long remained in the cellar of the Skyline Conference. Last year it lost 9, won none. The rickety stadium holds only 10,000, and the losing teams didn't draw anyway. The football staff needs more money for football scholarships, among other things, if Montana is to get out of the cellar or, it might be, even remain in the conference. Montana's economic and political impasse—a development taking place everywhere—is that costs, even the costs of football scholarships, have been increasing while income has remained pretty fixed. Montana's athletic fund has been based on student activity fees of $10 a quarter. Of this, $4.80 went to athletics. Among athletic costs were 64 fairly parsimonious football scholarships.

Two weeks ago the athletic staff asked the college administration to increase the activity fee so that Montana could at least function under the same program as other schools in the conference. The request was turned down, but Acting President Gordon Castle suggested that the coaches sound out the student council about a student referendum on the issue. The election of new student-body officers was coming up in just eight days when the student council finally agreed to put an added proposition on the ballot: "Are you in favor of a $5 increase in student activity fees for athletics?"

What the election proved was that inflation is just as hot a question in campus politics as anywhere else. The basic issue was that if Montana wanted to scholarize football players, the students themselves would have to pay for them, $5 more each quarter, some $49,000 more a year than they had taxed themselves in the past. All candidates for office studiously shied away from the matter of increasing activity fees. The campus newspaper remained noncommittal. The administration took no stand—Acting President Castle remarking, "This is a matter for the students."

Opposition to the increase developed in the Forestry School—a big one at Montana—since autumn field trips take the loggers away during many of the games, win or lose. Professor Homer Cooper, psychology, came out against the increase. Said he: "Certainly the athletic program needs more money, but it is better financed than other programs." Students opposed to the increase gathered around Professor Cooper. If any faculty members felt different, they maintained a discreet silence.

The result was that the athletic staff had to do its own electioneering. Football Coach Ray Jenkins and Basketball Coach Frosty Cox began making soapbox speeches in dormitories. A broken-down old car was festooned with jeering signs designed to suggest that it had come over from Montana State College in Bozeman, hinting that Montana College was going to replace Montana University in the Skyline Conference. Athletes drove it around and plastered VOTE YES signs all over the campus.

Spring football training began the day of the election. Night before, the football staff spoke for the referendum at a men's dormitory from 6 until 8. They hurried across the campus to a women's dormitory. Curfew was at 10:30, but campaigning went on until midnight. Meanwhile, later comers had arrived at the men's dorms. The speakers went back and electioneered until 3 a.m.

As football practice started the next day, Coach Jenkins, hoarse and bleary-eyed, lined up his squad. "Am I safe," he blared, "in presuming all of you have voted?"

One man had not—he had mislaid his activity card and been turned away at the polls. Still in football garb, he trudged to the administration building, obtained a certified statement that he was a registered member of the student body, clomped back to the polls and voted.

The totals:

For the increase, 1,001; against, 839. Carried.



Casualty

This Dodger was a ladies' man,
Always in there clinching;
But now he's in the hospital;
He got himself hit pinching.
—HERB GOCHROS

Baseball and Food

AT THE END of the first fortnight of the new season, the Kansas City Athletics were comfortably above their seventh-place finish in 1958, had collected 102 hits and consumed 2,500 vitamin pills. They also drank more unstrained orange juice than in the past, eschewed fried foods in restaurants, cut out pies and other desserts high in starch and sugar in favor of Spartan foods like ice cream. In the household of Bob Cerv, whose batting average jumped from .190 to .294 in one week, the whole happy Cerv family, consisting of the left fielder, his wife and seven children, switched to wholewheat bread.

And young Kansas City stars on the road, signing the check at expensive hotels, no longer ate strawberry shortcake for breakfast. They actually did so in the past. Or, at least, one Kansas City rookie (unnamed in all accounts) did so this spring. That's what started the whole thing. Arnold Johnson and the officials of the Athletics decided that this "was hardly the necessary nutrition to start the day, much less play a ball game on." They hired Dr. Carlton Fredericks, a radio lecturer on nutrition for the past 18 years, to advise the team on what and how to eat.

Dr. Fredericks is a square-faced,

dark-haired, intense individual of 48, born in Flatbush and educated at the University of Alabama, whose fervent talks have the extraordinary flavor of colloquial American speech delivered in a precise Oxford accent. After one of his 45-minute discourses on the effects of vitamin deficiency, and the removal of vitamins from white bread, a listener is likely to recoil from a slice of white bread as if it were a coral snake. Most of Fredericks' listeners are women; in fact, it was Mrs. Arnold Johnson who directed her husband to the baseball possibilities of the nutritionist's programs.

Much of what Dr. Fredericks says is dietary common sense, artfully mixed with big medical words, discreet plugs for health foods he recommends and dark intimations that the big white bread manufacturers have been attacking him. Addressing the Athletics at Clearwater, Fla. last month under difficult conditions (a game with the Phillies was due to begin, and he had to talk to the team in left field during the Phils' batting practice) he nevertheless won their interest and promise of support. "I didn't take that too seriously," he says, "because they might have just raised their hands to get rid of me."

However, most of them subsequently came to him where he sat on the bench. The main point of Dr. Fredericks' advice was that, while no immediate effects could be expected, proper diet could make the team less prone to injury, able to recover more quickly after bruises or injuries, could reduce occupational hazards from eyestrain to sore arms. Lots of baseball players go without breakfast or lunch, Dr. Fredericks said, because they say they are too tightened up to eat. To these he quoted the results of Air Force experiments that indicated hand tremors increased as much as 1,000% if one went without breakfast. Before a double-header, players often delayed breakfast until just before the game, perhaps eating a dish of ice-cream in the 20-minute interval between games. But that meant they went through five hours of intense physical and emotional stress without needed food intake. For the between-games interval, Dr. Fredericks prepared a nonfat dry-milk milkshake for quick energy, really two glasses in one, a half ounce of proteins, the same as in a helping of meat. "A glass of this," he says, "approximates a small meal but will not give the sense of being oversatiated which might disturb the players."

It cannot be denied that Dr. Fredericks sounds occasionally like an old-fashioned medicine man. But baseball has always been a happy field for such. Enos Slaughter has long been regarded respectfully by his colleagues for his diet of blackstrap molasses, sunflower-seed oil and buttermilk. And in Kansas City the response to the diet has been enthusiastic. "I don't feel as tired as I used to," said Pitcher Russ Meyer. "In spring training I needed a snooze every day, but now I don't. I don't know if it's those pills or not, but that tired feeling disappeared after I started taking them." Mrs. Kent Hadley, the wife of the rookie first baseman (.286), says she has been studying the doctor's works and finds them helpful, especially in the matter of a hearty breakfast.

Said Pitcher Ray Herbert (1-0): "It's no strain for me. My only problem is pie. I've cut it out and have ice cream instead."



"*Won't* somebody *come forward?*"

Legislation of the Hour

INTRODUCED in the Florida legislature: a bill making it unlawful for women tennis players to wear the Stars and Bars (or the Stars and Stripes, for that matter) on their tennis panties. END

AN EXPERT DEFENDS THE SPORTS PAGE

by FRED RUSSELL





SPORTS EDITOR RUSSELL won first annual Sportsmanship Brotherhood plaque (*right*) for outstanding sports reporting in the Grantland Rice tradition.

The recent Associated Press survey of the state of the newspaper sports page—as viewed, often wryly, by the managing editors of 100 U.S. dailies (SI, April 6) has drawn a response, in letters to this magazine and elsewhere, that clearly establishes a wide interest in the whole subject. Here, by invitation, one of the ablest sports editors in America, Fred Russell of the 'Nashville Banner,' proudly speaks for his profession

THE Associated Press Managing Editors' sports committee report, which provided the basis of the article, *What's with the Sports Page?* (SI, April 6), was a disservice to newspaper sportswriting on two counts: 1) the answers to the questionnaire were anonymous; 2) rather than presenting a true picture, it was a confession by a few faultfinding managing editors of their failure to correct subpar performance on their own sports staffs.

Main allegations were slanting of news because of too much personal interest in home teams and too close association with sports figures; nonpursuit of many behind-the-scenes stories due to influences of sports management; surface writing and acceptance of publicity releases rather than digging for stories; general deterioration of sportswriting.

Any managing editor who will go to the files of his own newspaper, study and compare the sportswriting and sports coverage of today with that of 20 and 30 and 40 years ago—and conclude that today's is inferior—is working for an incredibly sorry newspaper.

Sportswriting probably has progressed more than any department of the newspaper. One reason is that it had more room to progress, the sports pages of yesteryear, for the most part, were regarded as necessary evils and assigned to some editorial staffer to handle in his spare time. As for the individual writer or columnist, for every four or five standouts such as the oft-mentioned Pegler, McGeehan, Gallico and Rice of the 1920s and McLemore of the 1930s, all in New York City, today there are 50—and not all in New York.

Most noticeable general improvement is the decline in partisanship for the home team. (Again, check the files.) Today's sportswriter has less chance than anybody on the newspaper to get away with unfairness. And I take sharp issue with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's statement: "The political reporter may be no less partisan than the sportswriter . . . but he is trained and disciplined to keep his partisanship in check where news is concerned." Anyone who can say that just hasn't observed closely the reporting of political campaigns where rival newspapers support opposing candidates. It is generally accepted that almost anything is fair in politics; sport, on the other hand, is quick to outlaw any piece of unfairness that can be covered by a rule, and there's virtually no chance for a flagrant violation of the code of sportsmanship to go undetected and undenounced. Some of this has to rub off on a sports reporter.

By its very nature, sports reporting demands enthusiasm more than cynicism. The trick is to govern this enthusiasm so that the sports reporter can be on the side of the home team and still have an unobscured view of the visiting team's virtues.

It is my firm belief, in the realm of human frailty, that the sportswriter is no frailer than the managing editor. He is no more likely to defer to coaches or to sports management, for the sake of maintaining cordial relationships, than a managing editor is likely to shut off one of his best news sources by inconsiderate treatment. The sportswriter may be even less inclined to do so, for prime news sources are more vital to Page One of a newspaper than to the sports section. The informed sports editor of today knows that an exclusive sports story, welcome and gratifying as it may be, isn't nearly so valuable now as it was in a less hurried era when readers had time to remember which newspaper had scored the scoop. Present subscribers are more conscious of consistently pungent features. An exceptionally gifted columnist can "carry" an otherwise ordinary sports page which meets every standard of objective reporting. Some columns and features require more thought, more time, more touch than the diggingest scoop; however, if a press agent is sharp enough to make his blurb vatidly amusing or informative, it shouldn't be passed up simply because he has an angle. Almost everyone, in and out of sports, is interested in the success of something.

In the over-all circumstances of happiness in which games are played and enjoyed, sports produce an inordinate lot of fun for the participants and for the spectators, and I believe that many people who turn to the sports pages regularly do so because there is so little fun to be found anywhere else in the newspaper.

It is quite possible for sportswriters to have fun—more fun than managing editors—and still do a good job, without developing a single chink in their integrity. And I have a full measure of respect for managing editors; so many of them used to be sportswriters. END

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JUNE 1
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DETROIT, MICH.
JULY 20
10 A.M.
1959

MIAMI, FLORIDA
AUG. 4
4 P.M.
1959

ST. LOUIS, MO.
AUG. 1[illegible]
12:15 P.M.
1959

DALLAS, TEXAS
JULY 10
8:15 P.M.
1959

NEW YORK, N.Y.
JUN. 6
9:30 P.M.
1959

LOS ANGELES, CAL.
JUN. 15
3 P.M.
1959

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO
SEPT. 8
8 P.M.



Soon thousands upon thousands of relaxed, happy men will be marching forth into hot weather with smiles on their lips and featherweight Peso Plumas on their backs. Owning one of these 55% Dacron*—45% Worsted gems has become something of a national mania. Little wonder.

Peso Pluma is about half the weight and bulk of many other "tropicals." It is correspondingly cooler and airier. Wrinkles disappear overnight.

If you want to join the Peso Pluma "club," please do so soon. For two years now the supply has been exhausted early.

New colors, new patterns in a premium Pacific fabric tailored by Sagner. Suit $55. Extra slacks, from $12.95.

Prices slightly higher in the West
*Du Pont's Polyester Fiber

DRESS RIGHT—When you look your best you [illegible]

If you don't know the store that sells Peso Pluma in your area, please write to...

Pacific Mills Worsted Company
261 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

Burlington
QUALITY
A member of Burlington Industries

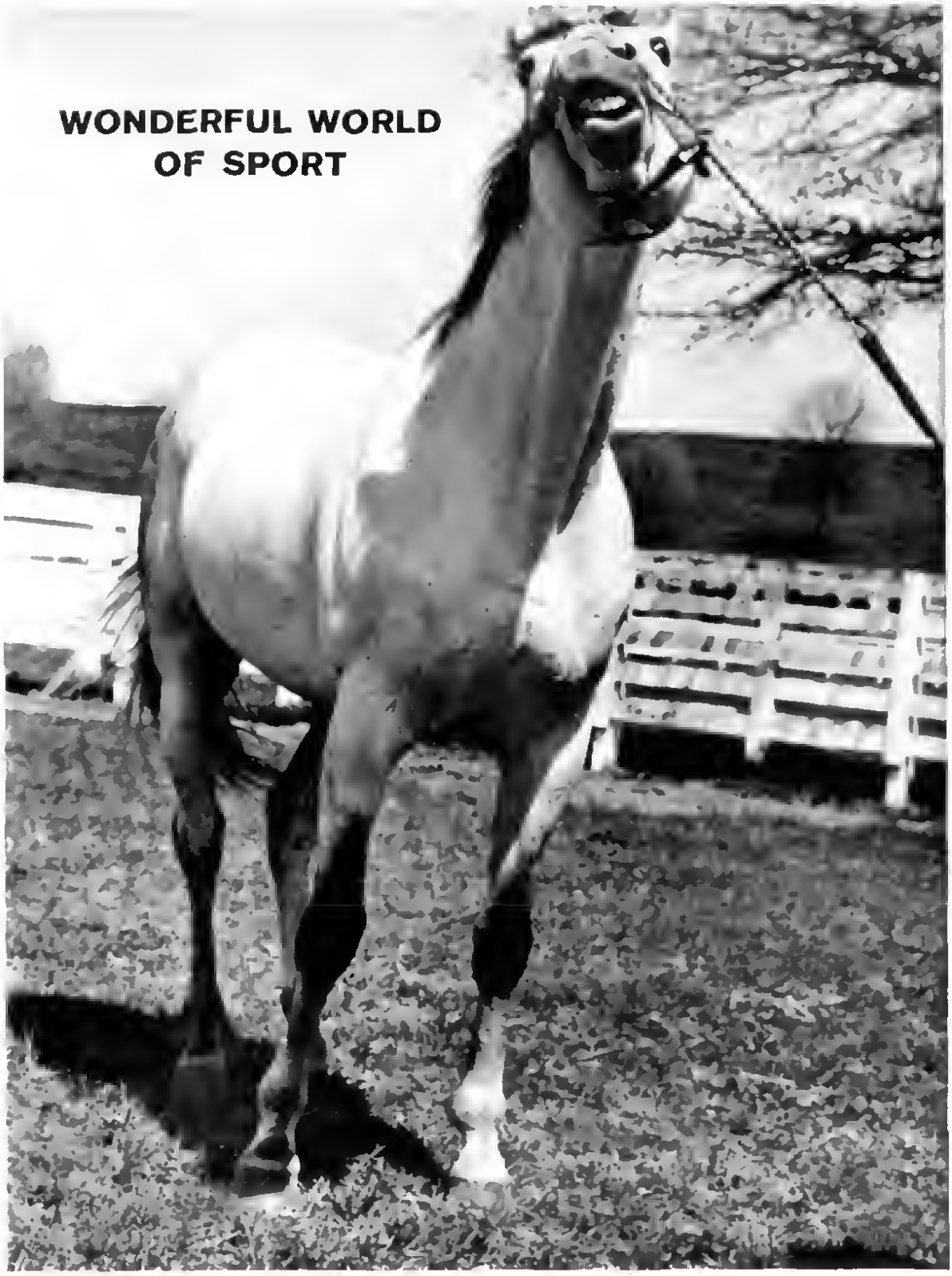


Native Dancers

Photograph by Louise Dahl-Wolfe

IN 1953 Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's great gray stallion, Native Dancer, captured the public imagination as have few other Thoroughbreds. Now he has given his name to George Balanchine's new ballet, the first inspired by horse racing. The star of the ballet is a pretty filly named Patricia Wilde, shown doing a *passé en dedans* in the arms of Jockey Jacques d'Amboise, as horseless riders Gayle Young, Bengt Anderson and William Weslow assist.

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT



Native Dancer

Photograph by George Assman

AT HOME in his Sagamore Farm, Maryland paddock, Native Dancer seemed laughingly unaware last week of his eminence in one of the higher art forms. Now a husky 9-year-old, the Dancer has added 200 pounds since the days when he was harreling down the stretch and thrusting his gray nose in front. Like most grays, he has become nearly white with full maturity; this season he will be sending his second crop of sons and daughters to the races.



PRIVATEERS Gerd Heidinger, Ronnie Osborne, Frank Thomson, Ron Halstead, John Rote, Jack Kelly and Horst Kersten pose at Town Hall with Folkestone (England) Mayor D. H. Brown. After promising to behave like Christians and not to take unto themselves any women slaves and to depart in a peaceful manner, Privateers were permitted to play in hockey festival.

CONNECTICUT YANKEES ABROAD

THAT THIS TEAM can do anything, even play hockey, is understood," wrote "Our Hockey Correspondent" in a British newspaper, "... for are they not Americans, [*i.e.*] a hunch of crazy, mixed-up kids." This team is the Privateers of Greenwich, Conn., who bill themselves as America's First International Field Hockey Team, and what prompted Our Correspondent's remarks is that when the Privateers, on a three-week tour endorsed by the People-to-People Sports Committee, arrived in Folkestone for the Easter Hockey Festival, they swaggered to Town Hall "dressed like the Pirates of Penzance" (*above*) preceding a Dixieland band and proceeded to win their first game. A scheme to land by boat was foiled by an uncooperative tide, however.

Arriving by more conventional means and in orthodox costume, the Privateers also played in Holland, Egypt, Italy, France and Bermuda and, although they won but two matches out of 14, most of them were decided, surprisingly, by but a single goal. "Success," said Captain John Rote at the conclusion of the tour, "is no longer a matter of doubt but only a matter of time."





STARS AND STRIPES, surrounded by Irish and French flags, waves over Folkestone hockey grounds. The tournament attracted 45 teams from England and Continent, and Privateers

LUNGING ATTEMPT for a score by Privateer Captain John Rote was futile, as United Services of Portsmouth, an armed forces team, won 1–0 at Folkestone's 53rd hockey tournament





PREMONITION OF DISASTER FLOODS OVER SAILORMAN SANDY BOURNE DURING THE LAST LEG OF A WET RACE ON BISCAYNE BAY

WET BOTTOM, DRY HAT FOR SANDY

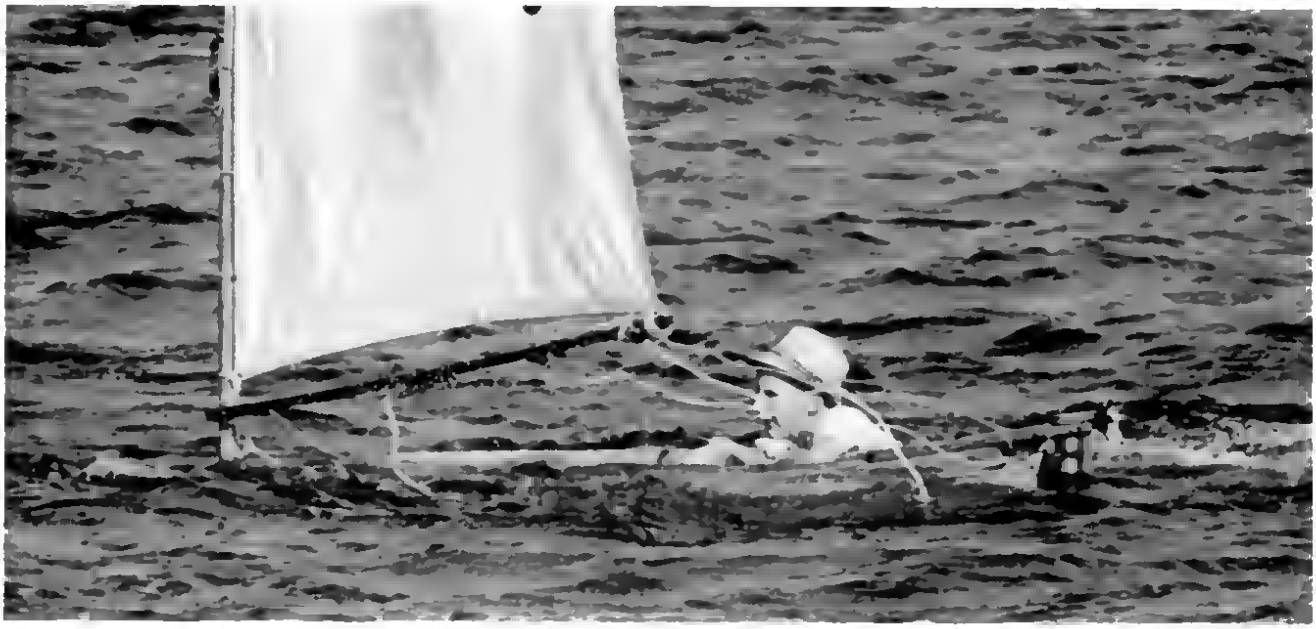
Photographs by John Walther

IN a salty do-or-die boast, the windjammer skippers of yore promised to "sail her in or sail her under." As these pictures of nautical catastrophe show, Skipper Raymond (Sandy) Bourne of the eight-foot pram *Forrestal* inadvertently chose the latter course during a dusty race in Florida's Biscayne Bay. "I was coming down to the second mark on a reach," explained 13-year-old Sandy after his rescue by a spectator boat some minutes later, "and the centerboard was up when I jibed round the mark, but I forgot to put it down again."

Such contretemps are not uncommon among the eight-footers, but few skippers in any class can claim a cooler courage than Sandy's, who managed under circumstances trying and adverse to keep not only his head but the jaunty hat that adorned it.



HIS EIGHT-FOOT CRAFT "FORRESTAL" HALF FULL OF WATER, SANDY TRIES BRAVELY TO SAIL HER TO THE FINISH LINE .



BUT THE SEAS TAKE OVER AT LAST AND THE YOUNG SKIPPER, ALMOST SUBMERGED, IS LEFT WITH HIS ARDOR DAMPENED



CAMPBELL'S NEW ANIMAL

DONALD CAMPBELL, C.B.E., the dashing Englishman who has traveled quite a bit faster on water than anyone else, made a leisurely pit stop at a New York hotel last week en route from Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats to his home, Roundwood, in Horsehills, Surrey and said that he intended to go quite a bit faster, on land as well as water, before he packed it up.

"I'm getting a bit too old for the game, old boy," said Campbell, who is 37. "Not getting frightened, you know, but older. As you get older, the fear that you require gets greater; the fear that stops you from doing something rash. Of course, you're not at all frightened once you're under way; your mind's much too concentrated on handling the animals."

Campbell's animals are a boat and a car, both called *Bluebird*, as were the boats and cars of his celebrated father, Sir Malcolm, who was greatly affected by Count Maeterlinck's play, *Bluebird* the boat is the same animal in which Campbell, a Teddy bear in the cockpit with him, set his water speed record of 248.62 mph on Lake Coniston in Lancashire last November; *Bluebird* the car, which prompted his trip to Utah, will not be completed until February or March of next year, but a 4th model, painted a disarming blue, travels with Campbell.

First on Campbell's schedule, however, is an attempt to exceed 250 mph on water. "No one else has crossed 200 and lived, God bless them," said Campbell. "We're going to try in May what eluded us last year, because the incidence of the prevailing winds on Coniston is lower then. Oh, the misery of the winds! There's none of the color of the race or the prize-fight when you're running in the cold of the north of England, frozen to the marrow, fighting your way through darkness, through scientific darkness.

"This boat," said Campbell, indicating a photograph in his album, "was designed for 250 but has proved faster. But at those high-speed ranges so much is unknown and the primary consideration is safety. No goal is worth achieving on the edge of a knife; you have accomplished nothing and proved even less. At those high speeds you approach the point where the animal has control of you rather than you of it. Stability. Stability, old boy, is a closed book to mankind and only now are we slowly, laboriously turning the pages.

"Not a very pretty thing when she's static, is she?" asked Campbell and turned the page. "Look at her under way, though. I always say, if it doesn't look good, tear it up. Anything that doesn't look good, isn't.

"But this year is only a stepping-stone for next. I hope in 1960 to break two records in one year—it's never been done before, old boy—300 on water, which I rather doubt I'll get, and 400 on land [the present land record is 394.2 mph, set by the late John Cobb at Bonneville in 1947]. Then I can retire. I've got my sweet wife, you know." Sweet wife (No. 3 for Campbell) is Tonia Bern, a café singer, whom Campbell (No. 2 for Tonia), with his customary speed, proposed to 18 days after he met her at a cocktail party.

Campbell is much more confident of breaking 400 in his first try at cars, and regaining a record once held by his father. In fact, he has already set a date for his first record run at Bonneville: Sept. 4, 1960. The animal which he hopes will do it is 30 feet long, eight feet wide, 4 feet 9 inches high and weighs four tons. It has a wheelbase of 13 feet 6 inches; a track of 5 feet 6 inches; is powered by a Bristol Proteus 705 turbojet engine which develops 4,100 bhp (brake, or actual, horsepower); has four-wheel drive and fully independent suspension, enormous 4 x 52 x 8.25 tires; disc, air and parachute brakes which dissipate 75 million foot-pounds of energy; is covered with an aluminum skin; and has a potential speed of more than 500 mph.

"This is a $3 million project," said Campbell; "$300,000 has been spent on developing the tires alone. To think it all started years ago as a lighthearted sporting endeavor. It's far from being that now; it's scientific. Engineering's the fascination, old boy; pitting your wits, yourself, against the unknown to succeed, or to fail. It's either richly rewarding or bitterly depressing. But when it's rewarding and it's over, you get a hell of a kick, an association of factors which make a most wonderful pie.

"But what is the animated spirit that drives man on? If we only knew that. There is, you know, no limit to anything but the lack of man's knowledge. The most inspiring thing is the sight of a Boeing 707 going over New York. Don't tell me you haven't seen it—it looks like it's standing still." END

CAMPBELL REVEALS THE MODEL OF HIS NEW CAR IN WHICH HE HOPES TO BREAK 400





Baron Wrangell—the man in the Hathaway shirt.

Hathaway goes to India for real hand-woven Madras—$8.95

ALL these shirts are made of authentic India Madras. Indian cottagers have been producing this glorious stuff for centuries. The yarn is spun by hand and dyed by hand. Then it is hand-woven.

The Madras that Baron Wrangell is wearing is particularly interesting. It is one of twenty-eight new *solid colors* that Hathaway's globe-trotting experts discovered on their recent trip to the East.

The same magical things happen to this shirt when you wash it, as happen to all the India Madras checks, plaids and stripes in Hathaway's collection. Their colors fade slowly with sunshine and laundering—till they take on a dusty maturity that no imitation Madras can ever acquire.

Another mark of genuine Madras is that its patterns seldom repeat. You will rarely see another shirt exactly like yours. Hathaway offers real India Madras shirts with buttons down the front or in pullover style. Each costs only $8.95.

Go to stores that keep up the great tradition. Or drop a card to C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. When in New York, telephone OXford 7-5566.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO N Y C 65 6 PROOF CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES SIX YEARS OLD



THE EXPERTS' CHOICE ON DERBY DAY. Why is Seagram's V.O. so noticeably a post-race favorite? It's very simple. In the art of whisky making, this great Canadian spirit has proved to be the incomparable classic of form and balance. In the considered judgment of a vast international following, no other whisky wears its years so well—or wins a welcome so widespread.

Seagram's imported Canadian



known by the company it keeps

* 1959 NATIONAL YOUTH FITNESS WEEK

A PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS *the ongoing strength of our Nation depends upon the health of our young people; and*

WHEREAS *we must always strive to improve the fitness of our youth by determined and coordinated efforts; and*

WHEREAS, *in this challenging world, it is essential that our yonng people recognize their obligation to themselves, to their families, and to the Nation, to endearor to keep themselves mentally, emotionally, spiritually, socially, and physically fit; and*

WHEREAS *the President's Council on Youth Fitness has recommended that a National Youth Fitness Week be designated:*

NOW, THEREFORE, I, OWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, *President of the United States of America, do hereby proclaim the week beginning May 3, 1959, as National Youth Fitness Week.*

I request officials of the Gorernment, and I urge parents, young people, and interested local and national organizations, to use all appropriate means during that week to promote programs and actirities demonstrating the importance of youth fitness to the end that we may assure the continuing strength and well-being of our people.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, *I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Seal of the United States of America to be offixed.*

DONE *at the City of Washington this thirty-first day of January in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and fifty-nine and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and eighty-third.*

Dwight D. Eisenhower

* FOR FITNESS FOOTNOTES, TURN PAGE



FITNESS FOOTNOTES:

THERE are hopeful signs this year that the physical part of the youth fitness crusade in America is making progress. The sharp eye and the well-directed camera have recorded in the following pages some encouraging documentary proof here and there across the land that Americans in ever-increasing numbers are being guided into activities that will make needed contributions to their physical well-being and enjoyment. Possibly this new participation will lead eventually to the summit of President Eisenhower's concept of "total fitness," a happy state reached by adding mental, emotional, spiritual and social fitness to the physical kind.

During the course of the past year at least one new ray of hope appeared on the national horizon. The American Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation re-examined its national responsibility and came up with Operation Fitness—U.S.A., a truly ambitious national program which may yet put the fitness show on the road if initial enthusiasm for the idea is matched by eventual execution. So far some 6 million youngsters have been directly affected.

Programs of enlightened self-interest devised by busi-

BOYS' CLUB in Pawtucket, R.I. is jammed from 3:15 to 10 every week night by its 5,000 members aged 7 to 21, who participate in sports, games, carpentry and other hobbies. Free medical exams are a requirement for members every two years.



EVERY BOY IN TOWN CAN AFFORD CLUB MEMBERSHIP



ENTHUSIASTIC DIVER IS UNCONCERNED WITH ORTHODOX FORM



BASKETBALL IS MOST POPULAR INDOOR SPORT AT CLUB

YOUNG HOPEFUL TRIES PUSH-UPS IN CLUB'S FITNESS DRIVE



A SMATTERING OF ACTION

ness concerns (the Wheaties Sports Federation and Union Oil's 76 Sports Club on the West Coast among others) were being accelerated and perfected, and a new national wrinkle was announced by Mutual of Omaha. The big insurance company prepared to underwrite the expense of a Youth Fitness Congress on the theory that youthful energy may be the drive's greatest need at this moment. The tireless energy of the U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce, whose fitness campaign which reached literally millions continued apace during the year, seemed to suggest the merit of this notion.

Many organizations, public and voluntary, as well as schools and clubs have continued to stir themselves during the year, as have individuals, according to the degree of their dedication. But, from the practical standpoint, Bonnie Prudden remained the First Lady of Fitness. She was everywhere—on TV screens, in newspapers and magazines and on personal appearance tours, demonstrating, encouraging, exhorting. It is fitting that *Bonnie Prudden's Fitness Book* (The Ronald Press Company, $2.95) is making its appearance in the bookstores during this second annual National Youth Fitness Week.

INSTITUTE for Physical Fitness in White Plains, N.Y. boasts versatile backyard playground equipment designed by Director Bonnie Prudden, who gives instructions for building and using the apparatus in her new fitness book.



A "BRONCHO" (BRONCHIAL ASTHMATIC) GETS A LIFT FROM FRANKEL

YMCA in Charleston, W. Va. brings asthmatic kids new physical activity through breathing classes taught by Lawrence Frankel under guidance of Dr. Merle Scherr, allergist. The program's merit led Warner-Chilcott, drug firm, to produce a film which would spread the method to other communities.

CONTINUED



MOVABLE PARALLEL BARS INVITE FEATS OF AGILITY

BALANCE MAZE SEEMS HARDER AS IT GOES HIGHER





DRIVING A FINE HARNESS HORSE, A STEPHENS SENIOR PROUDLY UPHOLOS THE COLLEGE REPUTATION FOR GOOD HORSEMANSHIP



EXERCISES IN MOVEMENT FUNOAMENTALS OEVELOP GRACE, POSTURE

SYNCHRONIZEO SWIMMINO IS TAUOHT ALL GIRLS EXCEPT BEGINNERS





FIELO HOCKEY IS ONE OF FOUR TEAM SPORTS OFFEREO

GIRLS' COLLEGE

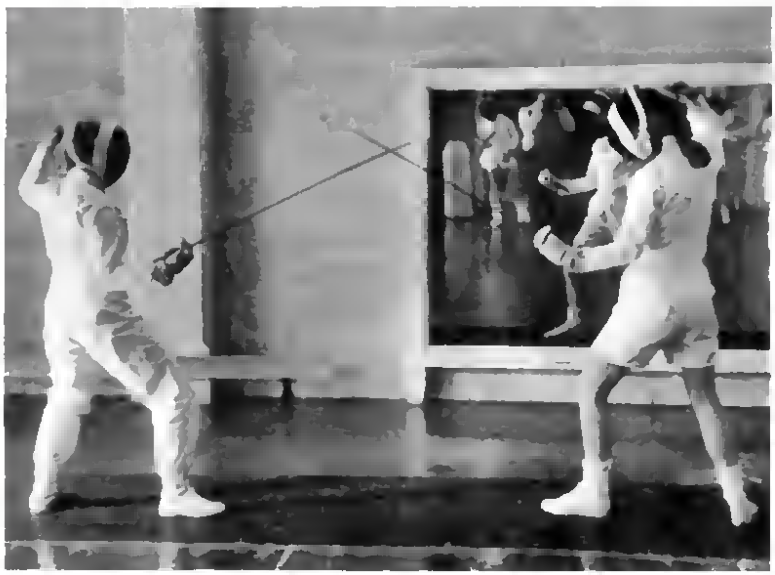
in Columbia, Missouri provides its 1,500 two-year students with more delightful ways to stay fit than the fanciest spa. Facilities at Stephens College include a stable with 40 horses, a golf course and recreation area on a beautiful 250-acre campus that has its own 11-acre lake. In addition to riding and golf, Stephens girls can choose a dozen other recreation and sports activities from tennis to flying. In her two years at the college each girl is required to take a half-hour credit per semester in physical education, which amounts to about three hours a week. The long fall and early spring typical of Columbia make possible a long season of outdoor sports, and one-hour periods guarantee the facilities will be used by a large number of students. The program stresses development of one or more leisure skills useful later on in life. It is all designed for "recreation and fun . . . to help the students become more successful and happier." Thus Stephens, where two-thirds of the girls go on to higher education after graduation, is convincing evidence of the benefits of properly coordinated physical and academic education.



CANOEING TESTS BALANCE AND MUSCLES



ARCHERY BOLSTERS THE LESS ACTIVE

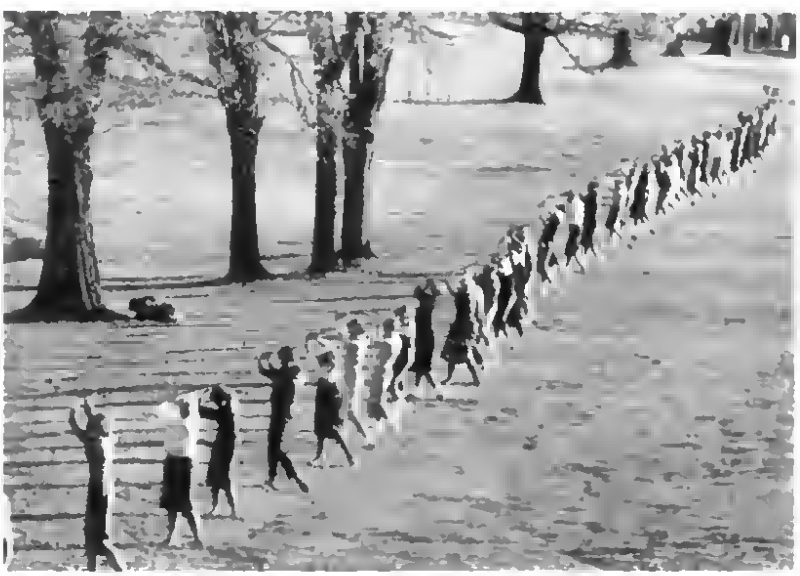


FENCING HELPS TO IMPROVE THE STUDENT'S BALANCE, FLEXIBILITY AND POISE



THE TRAMPOLIN IS POPULAR IN WINTER

A FIELD OF GOLFERS TAKES POSITION UNDER THE TREES TO PRACTICE THE SWING



CONTINUED

PUBLIC SCHOOL system in Flint, Mich. offers unique chance for sports and fitness in program which utilizes school facilities and personnel around the clock. In a city of about 200,000 people, 93,000 youngsters and adults per week use the schools in afternoons, evenings and on Saturdays—a greater number than are enrolled for the regular school day. This community school program is founded on some wise tenets: the school represents the largest investment of public money in the community; an effective program engages the whole family; people will support what they are personally involved in and will become involved when their actual wants, rather than what someone thinks they want, are supplied. Today most schools have a self-contained community wing with oversize gym, lockers, recreation room and office for the director, who supervises the after-school program. The major part of the cost is borne by the three school tax increases passed since 1950. The balance is provided by the Charles S. Mott Foundation, whose director, Frank Manley, is the man most responsible for this amazing program.

CONTINUED



FAMILY ROLLER SKATING evening at Flint's Potter Elementary School draws a happy crowd. Special skates spare the gym floor.



PHYSICAL EDUCATION class in community-wing gym of Selby School features active circle games and calisthenics for the lower grades.

GYMNASTIC FEAT at McKinley Junior High reflects major interest of Flint, which boasts two Olympic gymnasts.



DESIGNED FOR DE [illegible] BY MARQUISE HAT BY MR JOHN

New fashions for spring by DE SOTO

"This spring, color runs through fashion like a blue streak."

Fashion magazines are saying it and De Soto designers are doing it! Newly created is the sophisticated Seville hardtop – shown here in the newest spring blue.

Seville's interior is tailored from subtle Nassau plaid and color-coordinated vinyl.

Seville's exterior is of a new classic blue with contrasting white.

Seville's comfort is the ultimate with newly available Sports Swivel Seats.

See and drive this fashion leader of the year at your dealer's today.

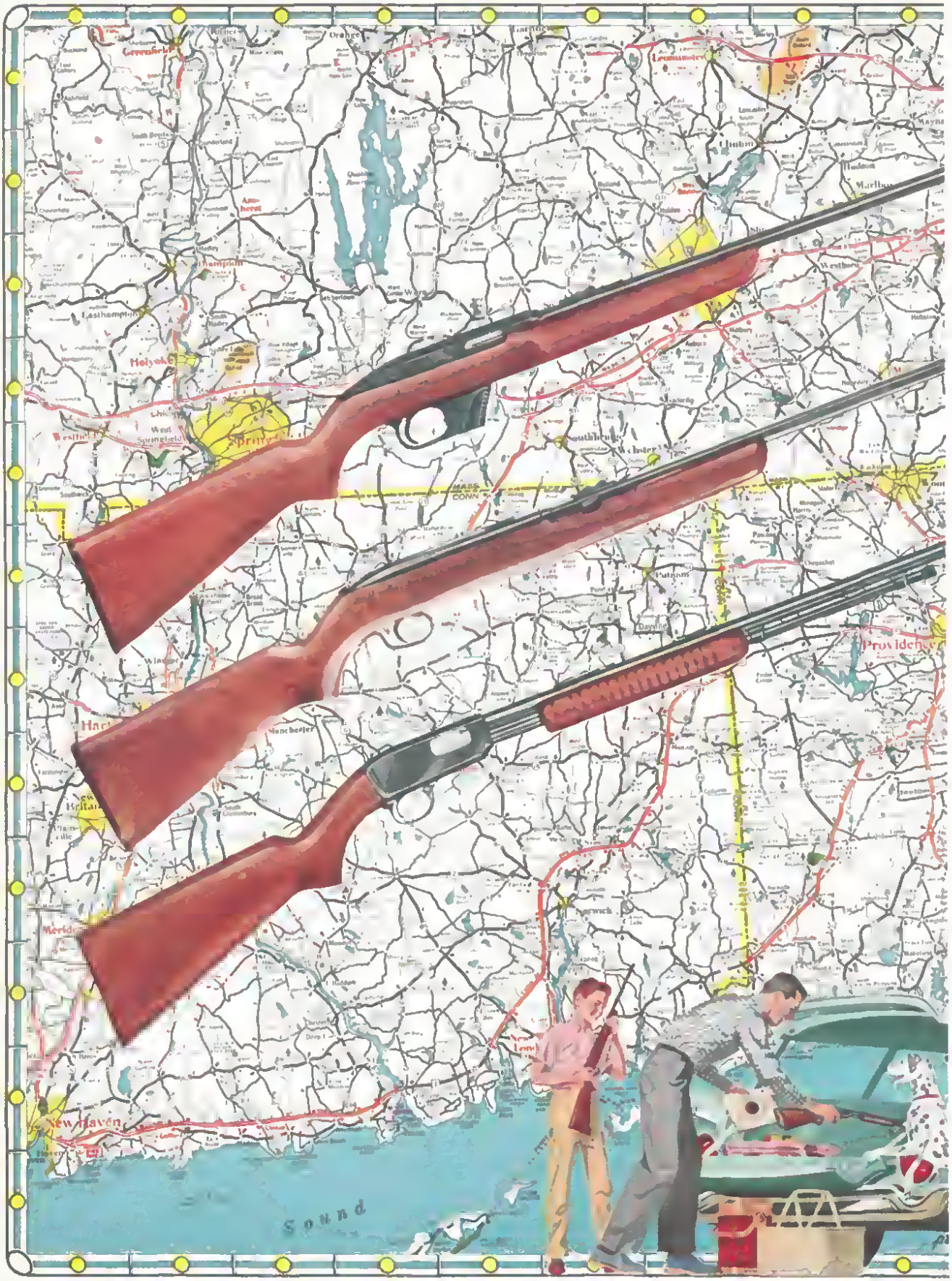
New Seville

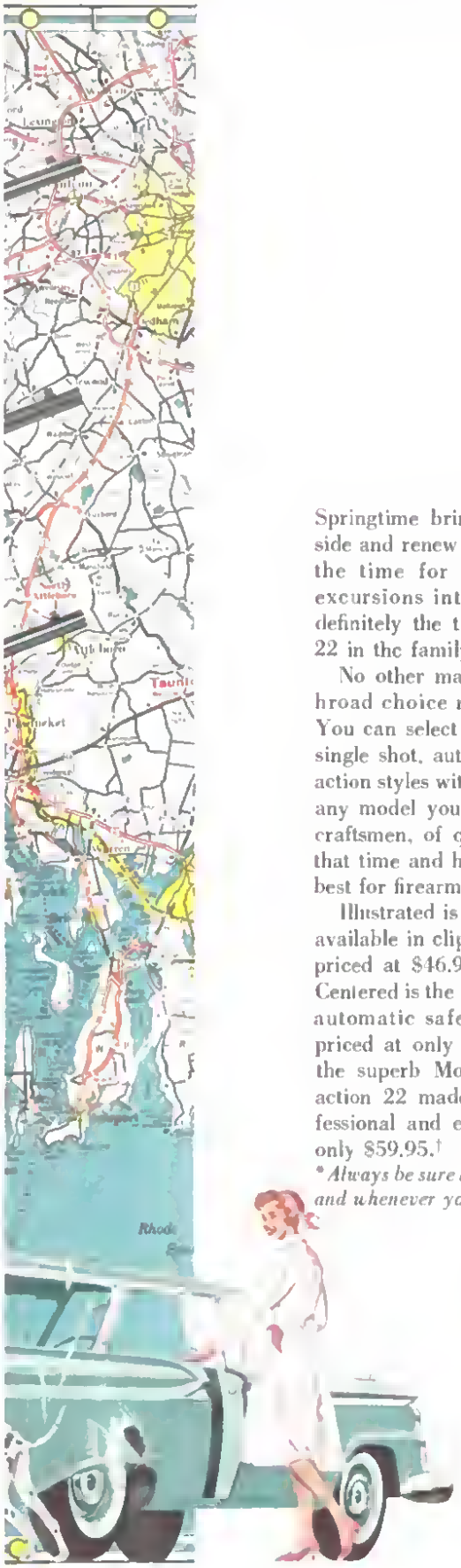
HARDTOP





The smart way to go places...DE SOTO


Springfield
Providence
New Haven
Sound



FOR OUTDOOR FUN TAKE ALONG A WINCHESTER 22

Springtime brings the old urge to get outside and renew a friendship with nature. It's the time for picnics, explorations, and excursions into the countryside—and it's definitely the time to include a Winchester 22 in the family fun.*

No other manufacturer offers you such a broad choice of 22's as does Winchester. You can select from a variety of models in single shot, automatic, slide action and bolt action styles with the complete assurance that any model you choose is built, by superior craftsmen, of quality, long-lasting materials that time and hard usage have proven to be best for firearms.

Illustrated is the Model 77 automatic, top, available in clip and tubular magazine styles priced at $46.95† and $52.25† respectively. Centered is the new Model 55 single shot with automatic safety and recocking features, priced at only $23.95.† The bottom rifle is the superb Model 61, the smoothest slide action 22 made, the favorite of many professional and exhibition shooters, priced at only $59.95.†

** Always be sure to have a safe backstop wherever and whenever you shoot.*

† Prices subject to change without notice



Take along plenty of Winchester Super Speed or Western Super-X 22's when you try out your new Winchester 22 shooting is so much fun you'll want to do plenty of it, so get the ammunition that's loaded to give maximum performance. You get string-straight trajectory, slamming power and accuracy to surpass your finest holding ability. Buy your 22's by the carton — you'll enjoy the extra rounds once you get started. Super X and Super Speed 22's are loaded with Lubaloy and Kopperklad bullets

All Winchester and Western primers are rust proof, non-fouling and non corrosive



WINCHESTER

TRADEMARKS

Western

WINCHESTER-WESTERN DIVISION OLIN MATHIESON CHEMICAL CORPORATION

NEW HAVEN 4, CONNECTICUT.









THE MODERN AMERICAN MAN

From Duluth to Dallas, from Madison to Monterey... he's the man who wears Dan River Wash and Wear Cottons for sports, for relaxing. And it's easy to understand why. They look terrific, feel good—and they're a cinch to care for. You just wash them, dry them (even tumble-dry them), and *don* them. They dry so smooth, most people don't iron them at all. All credit goes to Wrinkl-shed with **Dri-Don*** by Dan River!

BEST-DRESSED BY DAN RIVER

*All fabrics designed and woven in the U.S.A. by Dan River Mills, Incorporated, Danville, Va. *Registered trademark for Dan River Wrinkle-Resistant Wash and Wear Cottons.*



NEW JERSEY CLUBWOMEN LEARN FITNESS FIRSTHAND UNDER GUIDANCE OF BONNIE PRUDDEN AT UPSALA COLLEGE WORKSHOP

TWO MARINE SERGEANTS TRY OUT A HIGH SCHOOL BOY ON CHIN-UPS



WOMEN'S CLUB in East Orange, N.J., as part of the fitness program of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, took part recently in a two-day workshop conducted by Bonnie Prudden. The ladies learned how to maintain their own and their children's fitness and that of the groups with whom they work. They, in turn, went out and taught clubwomen in their local communities. With 850,000 members across the nation, the federation may make America fit.

MILITARY AID for civilian fitness has come from West Point, the Air Force and now the Marines. It springs from a desire to cooperate with the President's fitness drive and a growing concern with the poor physical shape of incoming recruits. This picture was taken at the Carle Place (New York) High School, where a group of marines from the Manhattan recruiting office gave 136 boys the Marine fitness test. They scored 100 points higher than Parris Island recruits.

CONTINUED

COED UNIVERSITY, Purdue in Lafayette, Ind., is the only U.S. institution which has a vast recreational building devoted exclusively to voluntary free-time play and intramural sports for both men and women. No varsity teams are permitted to work out here where students and their dates, as well as faculty families, participate in everything from square dancing to roller skating—some 41,000 of them during the first semester after the plant opened. In addition to the activities pictured here, Purdue's extraordinary building has facilities for about 30 other sports. It was financed by a bond issue which will be retired by the $5-a-semester fee students pay for its use.



A GALLANT ESCORT HELPS HIS LADY INTO HER SHOES AFTER ICE SKATING



BACK FROM THE SLOPE, SKIING ENTHUSIASTS



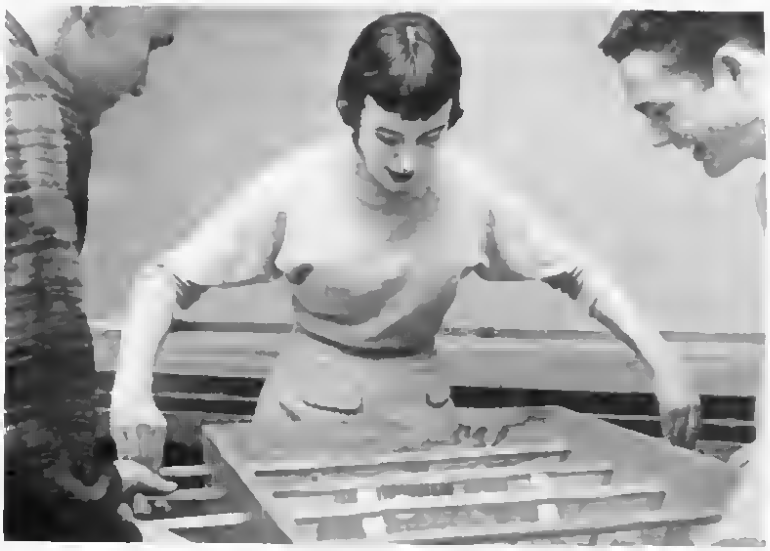
INDOOR RANGE PROVIDES YEAR-ROUND PRACTICE FOR DEDICATED ARCHERS

A LARGE ARRAY OF SPORTS PARAPHERNALIA





RETURN EQUIPMENT TO NEW BUILDING



GAME OF BOX HOCKEY IS PLAYED BY A GROUP INSIDE THE MAIN GYMNASIUM





JUDO AND PARALLEL BARS OFFER CHANCE TO SHOW OFF TO THE OPPOSITE SEX

OFFERS SOME KIND OF FUN FOR EVERYONE





SQUARE DANCING IS A ROUSING FAVORITE OF MANY COUPLES AT COED PURDUE

CONTINUED

COLLEGE SURVEY by the National Collegiate Athletic Association shows "extensive athletic programs being conducted by the nation's universities and colleges." The NCAA Committee on Youth Fitness found that 395 colleges with an enrollment of 840,923 men and 450,152 women students, had 34 different intercollegiate and 59 intramural sports for the academic year 1956–57. But the committee, chaired by Tom Hamilton, of the University of Pittsburgh, drew harsh conclusions: There is a critical lack of facilities at many institutions and inadequate provision for required physical education.

COLLEGE FACILITIES FOR SPORTS AND RECREATION

Sports with the most facilities are tennis, softball and basketball

Total Number	FACILITIES	Colleges With	Colleges Without
3,096	TENNIS COURTS (outd'r)	356	39
1,390	SOFTBALL DIAMONDS	345	50
1,141	BASKETBALL COURTS	388	7
840	BOWLING ALLEYS	127	268
799	FOOTBALL FIELDS	338	57
756	PLAY AREAS	233	162
728	HANDBALL COURTS	213	182
592	GYMNASIUMS	348	47
517	BASEBALL DIAMONDS	350	45
372	SOCCER FIELDS	218	177
335	TRACKS (outd'r)	209	86
328	RIFLE RANGES	208	191
316	ARCHERY RANGES	215	180
304	FOOTBALL STADIUMS	308	91
287	SWIMMING POOLS (ind'r)	215	177
284	TENNIS COURTS (ind'r)	106	289
274	WRESTLING ROOMS	244	151
184	TRACKS (ind'r)	184	233
176	GOLF COURSES	146	249
163	GOLF RANGES (ind'r)	104	291
155	FIELD HOUSES	104	251
110	GOLF RANGES (outd'r)	81	314
88	SWIMMING POOLS (outd'r)	71	324
50	ICE RINKS (outd'r)	45	350
38	ICE RINKS (ind'r)	37	358
6	GOLF GREENS	4	391
6	TOBOGGAN SLIDES	1	394
4	ROLLER RINKS	4	391

MOST POPULAR INTRAMURAL SPORTS

Basketball leads college intramurals . . .

RANK	SPORT	Colleges With Pgms.	% of Total With Programs
	BASKETBALL	383	
	SOFTBALL	356	
	FOOTBALL	344	
	VOLLEYBALL	337	
	TENNIS	297	
	TRACK & FIELD	251	
	GOLF	241	
	BOWLING	235	
	TABLE TENNIS	234	
	SWIMMING	224	
	BADMINTON	221	
	HANDBALL	180	
	HORSESHOES	132	
	WRESTLING	109	
	ARCHERY	97	
	CROSS COUNTRY	91	
	BOXING	56	
	GYMNASTICS	55	
	BASEBALL	51	
	WEIGHTLIFTING	51	

but only half the students participate

RANK	SPORT	Players	% of Total Male Students
	BASKETBALL	129 005	
	SOFTBALL	106 672	
	FOOTBALL	100 996	
	VOLLEYBALL	66 375	
	BOWLING	35 194	
	TRACK & FIELD	32 547	
	TENNIS	24 038	
	SWIMMING	22 814	
	TABLE TENNIS	22 470	
	GOLF	15 417	
	HANDBALL	15 069	
	BADMINTON	14 231	
	HORSESHOES	11 615	
	WRESTLING	8 428	
	SOCCER	8 277	
	CROSS COUNTRY	7 465	
	BASEBALL	6 078	
	RELAYS	4 545	
	ARCHERY	4 140	
	RIFLERY	3 626	

MOST POPULAR INTERCOLLEGIATE SPORTS

All but one of colleges have basketball teams . . .

but less than three percent participate in program

RANK	SPORT	Colleges With Teams	% of Total With Teams
	BASKETBALL	394	
	BASEBALL	365	
	TENNIS	365	
	TRACK & FIELD	339	
	GOLF	337	
	FOOTBALL	324	
	CROSS COUNTRY	240	
	SWIMMING	197	
	WRESTLING	186	
	RIFLERY	134	
	SOCCER	128	
	GYMNASTICS	69	
	SKIING	56	
	FENCING	53	
	LACROSSE	51	
	ICE HOCKEY	45	
	SAILING	22	
	BOXING	18	
	CREW	15	
	SQUASH	14	

RANK	SPORT	Players	% of Total Male Students
	FOOTBALL	23,520	
	TRACK & FIELD	13,900	
	BASEBALL	13,894	
	BASKETBALL	12,232	
	SWIMMING	5,606	
	TENNIS	5,275	
	SOCCER	5,075	
	WRESTLING	4,705	
	GOLF	4,119	
	CROSS COUNTRY	4,052	
	RIFLERY	2,957	
	LACROSSE	2,653	
	ICE HOCKEY	1,630	
	FENCING	1,578	
	GYMNASTICS	1,355	
	CREW	1,061	
	SKIING	976	
	SAILING	576	
	SQUASH	505	
	BOXING	383	

TEN MOST POPULAR TEAM SPORTS

Figures include intercollegiate and intramural

RANK	SPORT	Participants	% of Total Male Students
	BASKETBALL	141,237	
	FOOTBALL	127,273	
	SOFTBALL	106,598	
	VOLLEYBALL	66,573	
	TRACK & FIELD	66,747	
	BOWLING	35,569	
	TENNIS	29,313	
	SWIMMING	28,420	
	TABLE TENNIS	22,470	
	BASEBALL	19,963	

COLLEGES WITH RECREATIONAL CLUBS

Bowling clubs lead all the rest

RANK	SPORT	Colleges With Clubs	% of Total With Clubs
	BOWLING	117	
	SKIING	88	
	HIKING	68	
	RIFLE	65	
	HORSESHOES	64	
	SAILING	58	
	BICYCLING	19	
	SWIMMING	11	
	WEIGHTLIFTING	7	
	ICE SKATING	6	

RECREATIONAL CLUB PARTICIPANTS

Here again, bowling is tops

RANK	SPORT	Participants	% of Total Students
	BOWLING	33,100	
	SKIING	18,561	
	HIKING	11,793	
	RIFLE	9,030	
	SWIMMING	6,475	
	CAMPING	4,714	
	HORSESHOES	3,693	
	SAILING	3,291	
	VOLLEYBALL	2,800	
	BADMINTON	2,510	
	TABLE TENNIS	2,500	
	BILLIARDS	2,500	
	FISHING	1,332	
	BICYCLING	1,248	
	RECREATION	890	
	CANOEING	850	
	ROLLER SKATING	850	
	CO ED RECREATN	800	
	WEIGHT LIFTING	609	
	BOATING	575	

REQUIRED PNTS ED FOR MEN

More than 85% require some physical

YEARS REQUIRED	Colleges	% of Total Colleges
None	56	
1	76	
2	225	
3	15	
4	17	

MEN STUDENTS IN REQUIRED PROGRAMS

More than half do not participate

YEARS REQUIRED	Participants	% of Total Male Students
None	551,504	
1	66,038	
2	177,450	
3	14,621	
4	22,416	

REQUIRED PNTS ED FOR WOMEN

YEARS REQUIRED	Colleges	% of Total Colleges
None	115	
1	47	
2	208	
3	9	
4	11	

WOMEN STUDENTS, REQUIRED PROGRAMS

YEARS REQUIRED	Participants	% of Total Women Students
None	275,604	
1	21,824	
2	140,490	
3	3,383	
4	7,039	



Tip from the Top

RALPH HUTCHISON, *Saucon Valley Country Club, Bethlehem, Pa.*

The wrists opposed in putting

A HIGH proportion of the best golfers today use the reverse overlap grip—the index finger of the left hand laps over the right and rides in the channel between the small finger and the third finger of the right hand. Regardless of what type of grip they use, all the best putters proceed on the principle of having the wrists opposed. That is, if you opened your hands, the palms would be facing each other.

With the wrists opposed, both thumbs are on top of the shaft. The left hand should be firm and, though it must not be tense, it should be on the side of tightness not lightness. This grip has a tendency to put control of the stroking in the firm left hand, with most of the control exercised by the little finger and the two fingers adjoining it.

Gene Littler is a perfect illustration of a player who uses this opposed-wrists technique beautifully. He is a delight to watch because his entire style of putting is very sound and it is a style that all golfers, both men and women, can easily employ. To insure free and proper movements in his hands, Gene points his left elbow toward the hole and supports the right forearm slightly on the right thigh. He plays the ball in the center of his stance—normally his feet are about eight inches apart—which puts overspin on the ball and helps it hold its line. He keeps his eyes directly over the ball; his head remains still. He takes an ample backswing which permits the left elbow and hand to go forward and through with the stroke.

The reverse overlapping grip





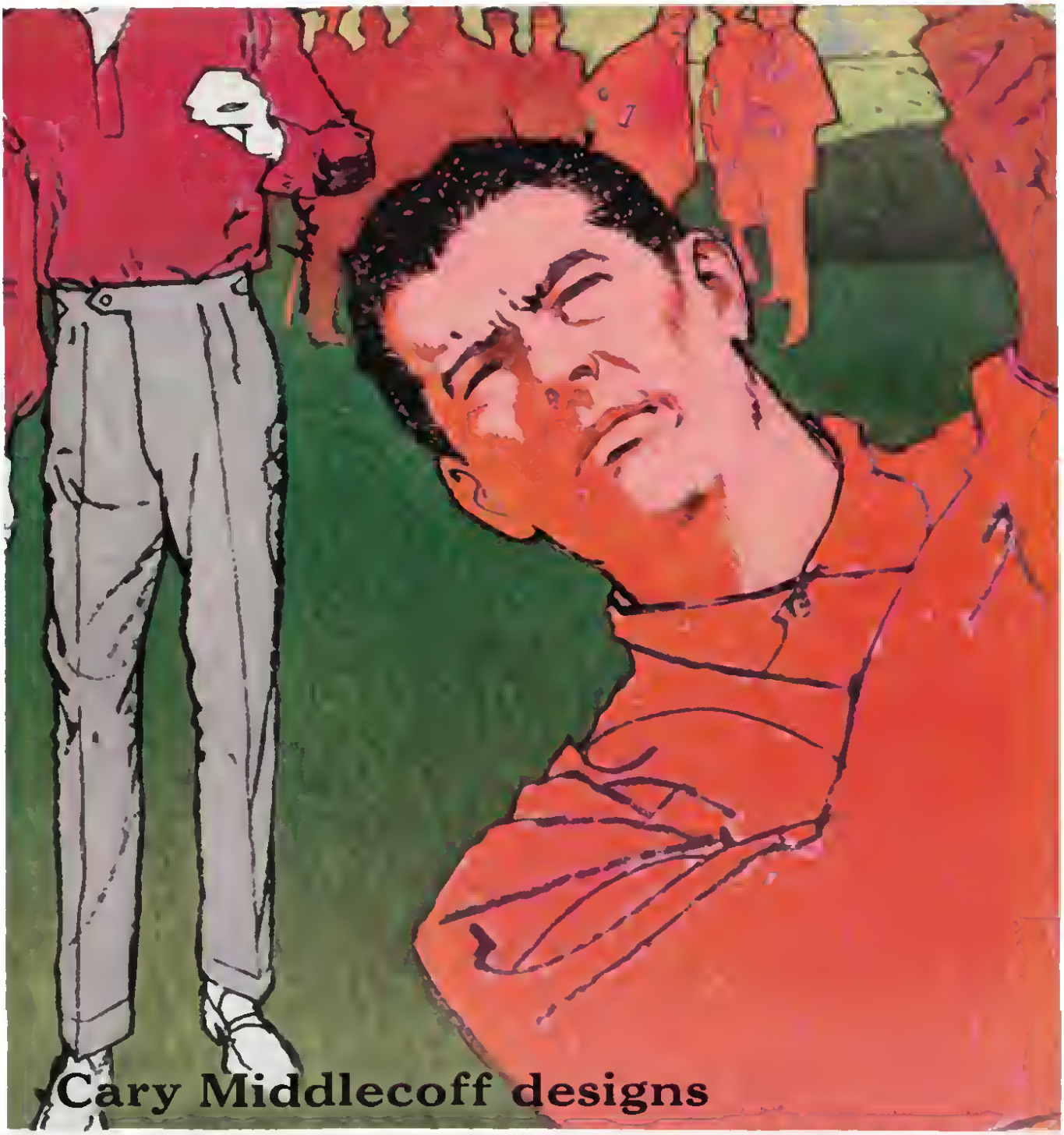
Ralph Hutchison demonstrates how the wrists should be opposed to each other

NEXT WEEK: *Jackie Pung on one step to better footwork*

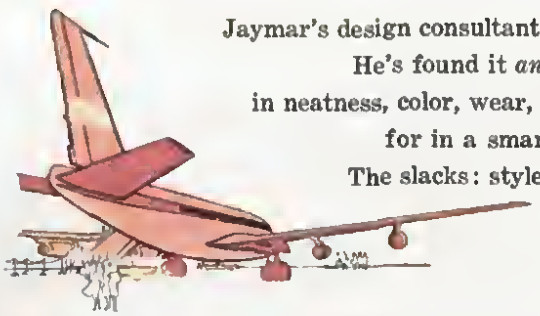
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FOOD / *Mary Frost Mabon*

El Matador at eve

Barnaby Conrad's San Francisco bar offers bullfight atmosphere, wonderful appetizers

IN SAN FRANCISCO, aficionados of the ancient and bloody art of bullfighting who find themselves hankering for the sights and sounds of the bull ring can find satisfaction of a sort no farther away than Broadway, in the picturesque El Matador bar, which is owned and operated by sometime matador and eminently prolific writer on bullfighting lore Barnaby Conrad. The rendezvous was established, he explains, after a representative of his publishers, on a trip west from New York, asked to be taken to a "nice little bar" where one could talk. "Such a thing didn't exist, so I opened one," says Conrad, "and, like Laocoon with the serpents, I have been wrestling with my hobby ever since."

Laocoön today has to contend with nothing more formidable than a pet macaw, as shown on the opposite page: after five years Conrad's El Matador is solidly established, like the Giants, as part of the San Francisco scene. And justifiably so, since the place is really quite extraordinary. To begin with, it is as dark as the inside of your sombrero; but what the eye distinguishes after a few minutes is worth seeing. Besides innumerable bullfight photographs and a full-length portrait of the late Manolete, there are on display all the traditional and beautiful regalia of the bull ring. Hung against the white walls among Spanish wineskins are swords, brilliant capes, the odd-shaped black hats and the glistening *trajes de luces*, or "suits of lights," in which matadors fight. Finally, there are two stuffed bulls' heads which rivet attention. One of these is real; it belonged to a bull that died for the Tyrone Power film *The Sun Also Rises*. The other is a straw monstrosity with lolling tongue, the only creature in this rather awesome bar that dares look slightly squiffed. Spanish guitar music contributes to the general atmosphere of the place, and on Sunday evenings, when patrons are treated to movies of famous bullfighters in action, the whole show comes near to rivaling the Plaza Mexico.

The man responsible for it all, 37-year-old Barnaby Conrad, is among other things a pianist and guitar player and something of a painter; the mural behind him in the photograph is his own composition. He has had six books published, including the sensationally successful novel *Matador*, which has sold more than 2½ million copies. The work which is Conrad's own favorite is his requiem for his friend and idol entitled *The Death of Manolete*. Barnaby narrowly missed death himself last spring in Spain when he was badly gored in his continuing effort to personally master the sport which is the love of his life. A perennial absorption with the business of danger and death in the bull ring marks this uncommon man. And yet his life today centers very largely about home and family—his lagoon-side house on Belvedere Island in the Bay, his beautiful wife Dale, an ex-newspaper columnist who looks like a Dresden china figurine, and their three handsome children.

An uncommonly delicious specialty of Mr. Conrad's bar is the hot appetizers cooked Japanese-style over charcoal-burning table stoves, which have been a feature of El Matador ever since San Francisco Restaurant Man Vic Bergeron (Trader Vic) presented his friend Barnaby with several of these miniature *hibachis*. Delicacies which are threaded on slender bamboo skewers for grilling include raw top sirloin of beef cut in squares that have been soaked in red wine with a dash of brandy, small cubes of spicy smoked sausage, *taquitos* (small Mexican cornmeal tortillas filled with hot chili sauce), and shrimp previously simmered in white wine and mixed spices.

There are endless combinations of other good things that might be tried at home. And the possibilities of this do-it-yourself table cookery certainly go beyond appetizers. Think of a terrace luncheon, for example, with an individual *hibachi* for each guest, and perhaps a big dish of ripe fruit for a dessert.

HOT SNACKS ON A HIBACHI

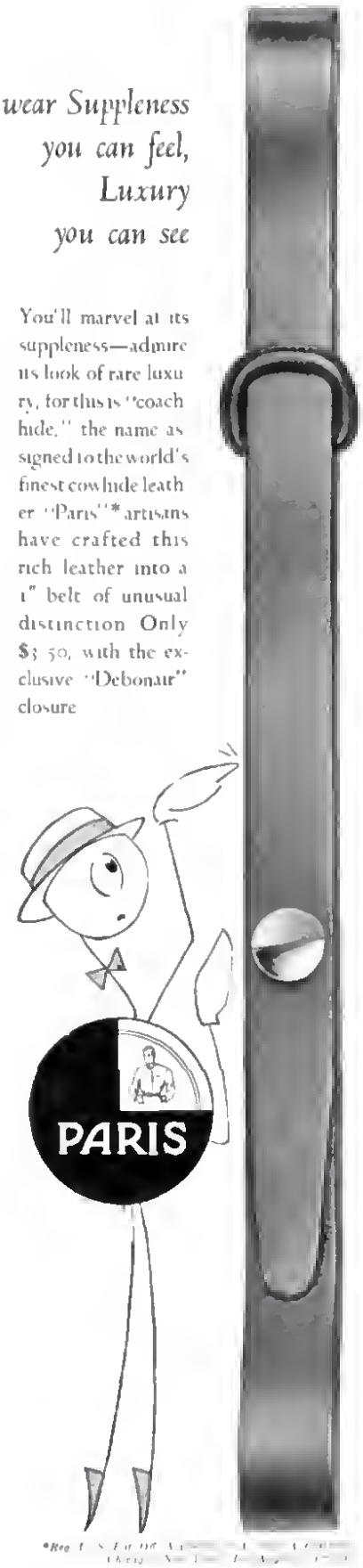
An appealing idea for do-it-yourself cookery at home is the miniature *hibachi*, identified more exactly in Japanese as a *konro*, meaning portable stove. Made of cast iron, it has a grate for charcoal, a sliding door beneath to regulate the draft, and at top a removable grill with wooden handles. The one in the picture stands five inches high upon a thick wooden base in which there are tiny holes for the skewers of raw food. It can be obtained from Katagiri & Co., 224 East 59 St., New York City.



Photographs by Louise Dahl-Wolfe

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BASEBALL / *Walter Bingham*

The aching, aching arms

Today's 20-game winner has a good chance of having tomorrow's newest sore arm

LIFE, for Robert Lee Turley (*see cover*), has been one continuous hurrah ever since he pitched the New York Yankees to victory in the seventh game of the World Series last October. He was toasted at winter banquet tables. He was given awards. He appeared on the big television shows. When he signed his 1959 contract, it reflected 1958 appreciation.

No one deserves success more than Bob Turley. He is baseball's Jack Armstrong, tall, wholesomely attractive, forthright and genial. He has worked hard at his profession. He can throw a baseball fast and, generally, where he wants to. He is healthy and only 28. Last year he won 21 games. The Yankees are counting on him to win approximately as many this year and for several years to come.

If the Yankees were to place Turley in a display window with a $500,000 price tag attached to his right arm, there would be a stampede of general managers, checkbooks in hand. Each would think he was getting a bargain, and perhaps he would be, but he would also be taking an expensive gamble. For it is a sad truth that in recent years, and with increasing (and alarming) frequency, big winners have stopped winning with the abruptness of a stalled motor.

Don Newcombe won 27 games for the Brooklyn Dodgers in 1956, after which Cincinnati offered $300,000 and three players for him. The Dodgers declined the offer. The next year Newcombe got a sharp pain in his pitching arm and he won only 11 times. In 1958 he lost his first six games, and the Dodgers finally accepted a Cincinnati offer for him. But by then his value had decreased by $300,000 and one player.

Bobby Shantz was the American League's Most Valuable Player in



NOT FOR SALE at any price just two years ago, Don Newcombe (*left*) and Herb Score both experienced misfortunes which have rendered them comparatively ineffective.

1952, when he won 24 games for Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics. He was not for sale at any price. In 1953 his shoulder hurt and he won only five games. In 1954 he won one game. In 1955, five. In 1956, two.

Mel Parnell of the Red Sox won 21 in 1953. In 1954 his left forearm was broken by a pitched ball and he won only three games. Later he developed bone chips in his elbow, and by 1957 he was out of baseball.

AND THERE ARE MORE

There are others. Billy Hoeft won 20 in 1956, then, when his arm "lost its zip," nine in 1957. Herb Score, after he had recovered from his dreadful eye injury, came up with a sore arm which even now leaves his future uncertain. Physical problems have hampered top-rated pitchers like Don Larsen, Bob Buhl, Whitey Ford, Johnny Podres, Gene Conley, Curt Simmons—the list grows.

The principal reason why baseball has a sore pitching arm is that pitchers work harder today than ever before. Years ago, the baseball was a muffin, and pitchers paced themselves without fear of the big home run. Only when a runner reached second did the pitcher have to throw his best. And when he threw his best he was throwing at a larger strike zone.

Today the accent in baseball is on the score, big and quick. The ball is

continued



CONNIE MACK'S last star, Bobby Shantz, won 24 games in 1952, only five in 1953.



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"Get out there and throw as hard as you can as long as you can," the manager tells his starter. "If you get tired, we'll bring in Pete from the bullpen."

This approach to the game is murder on good pitchers, for if they last the full game, as they so often do, their arms undergo a severe strain.

It isn't any easier on old Pete out in the bullpen. The casualty toll among relief pitchers has been perhaps the greatest of all. Two years ago there was no relief specialist as effective as Clem Labine, the darling of the Dodgers. He appeared in 122 games during 1955 and 1956.

"When you're a relief pitcher," Labine once said, "your arm is always tired. You don't feel like pitching, but you make yourself."

But since early 1957 Clem Labine's arm has not only been tired, it's been ineffective. Hershell Freeman, a fine relief man for Cincinnati during the same years Labine was at his peak, is no longer in the major leagues. The 116 games he pitched in two years finished him. Detroit is finding out to its sorrow that Ray Narleski left his best days behind him in Cleveland. "He's lost the zing off his fast ball," said Al Lopez recently. The American League's best relief men last year were Ryne Duren and Dick Hyde. But their early season earned run averages this year are too generous. Duren isn't striking them out this spring, and he has not been saving games. Hyde has done just as poorly.

"The pitching motion is a peculiar muscular activity," says Dr. Sidney Gaynor, team physician for the New York Yankees. "It places an abnormal strain on the arm. Every time a man pitches hard, tendon fibers in his shoulder tear apart. It takes about three days for them to repair. That's why pitchers can only work every fourth day, as a rule. When a pitcher throws too hard, or if he throws awkwardly—for instance, if he slips on the mound—the tear is apt to be bigger, causing a sore arm."

continued



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BASEBALL *continued*

There are, happily, some pitchers who roll on, seemingly forever, free from ailments. Early Wynn might be slowing down this year, but he has been winning in the majors since 1941. Robin Roberts won 20 games six years in a row and is still one of the best. And, of course, there is Warren Spahn, nine times a 20-game winner. But even Spahn has had his sore arms.

SPAHN'S THEORY

"A sore arm is like a headache or a toothache," he said recently. "It can make you feel bad, but if you just forget about it and do what you have to do, it will go away. If you really like to pitch and want to pitch, that's what you'll do."

But because there is only one Warren Spahn and because pitchers are wearing out faster than ever, at a time when more pitchers than ever are being used, the search for new talent never ends. Major league clubs have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars on young prospects. Few have made good. Cleveland gambled $125,000 on Billy Joe Davidson, but when he twisted a knee in an intramural basketball game, the investment was lost. Pittshurgh laid out $100,000 for Paul Pettit; a sore arm ruined him. Boston paid $108,000 to Frank Baumann, who proceeded to rip a muscle in his forearm. Davidson and Pettit never won a big league game. Baumann has won seven in four years.



CLEVELAND PRODIGY. Billy Joe Davidson, got $125,000 bonus, never won a game.

It's not only the high-priced bonus boys. The Dodgers felt they had the pitching find of the decade, and for only $600, when they brought up Karl Spooner late in 1954. In his first game the young left-hander shut out the Giants on three hits and struck out 15. On his next turn, which was the final day of the season, he shut out the Pirates and struck out 12. It was a pleasant winter, but when spring arrived, Spooner developed arm trouble which ended his career.

Despite the big financial losses, and the less expensive but equally depressing disappointments like Spooner, the pitching speculation continues. Just last month Cincinnati signed a young Californian, Jim Maloney, to a $100,000 bonus. Maloney was the fourth pitcher from the same high school to be signed to a large bonus in three years, though the odds against any one of them making good are long. But, the clubs figure, if enough prospects are signed, some will make good. The majors need pitchers that badly.

There are some baseball men who think that eventually pitchers will work only three innings at a time, as in the All-Star Game. In that same vein, others feel sure that the use of the relief man will be explored to such an extent that 20-game winners, like Bob Turley, will become extinct.

In the meantime, the pitching crisis deepens. Pitching is the key to a team's success, the single most important ingredient. Yet arms continue to wear out, suddenly and prematurely. Pittsburgh's Bob Friend, who last year won 22 games, has pitched 865 innings in the last three seasons, more than anyone else in baseball. Friend, like Turley, is only 28. This year, in his first three starts, he has been hit freely and has failed to win a game. It's too early for gloom, but the Pirates are just a bit worried.

As for Bob Turley, hero of the 1958 World Series, backbone of the Yankees' pitching staff, $500,000 value, there are no definite trends so far this year. His first start was brilliant and he won. The second time he lost. The third time he lost again, but he pitched well. The Yankees are counting on his pitching well throughout the season, and the chances are he will. But no one can be sure. **END**

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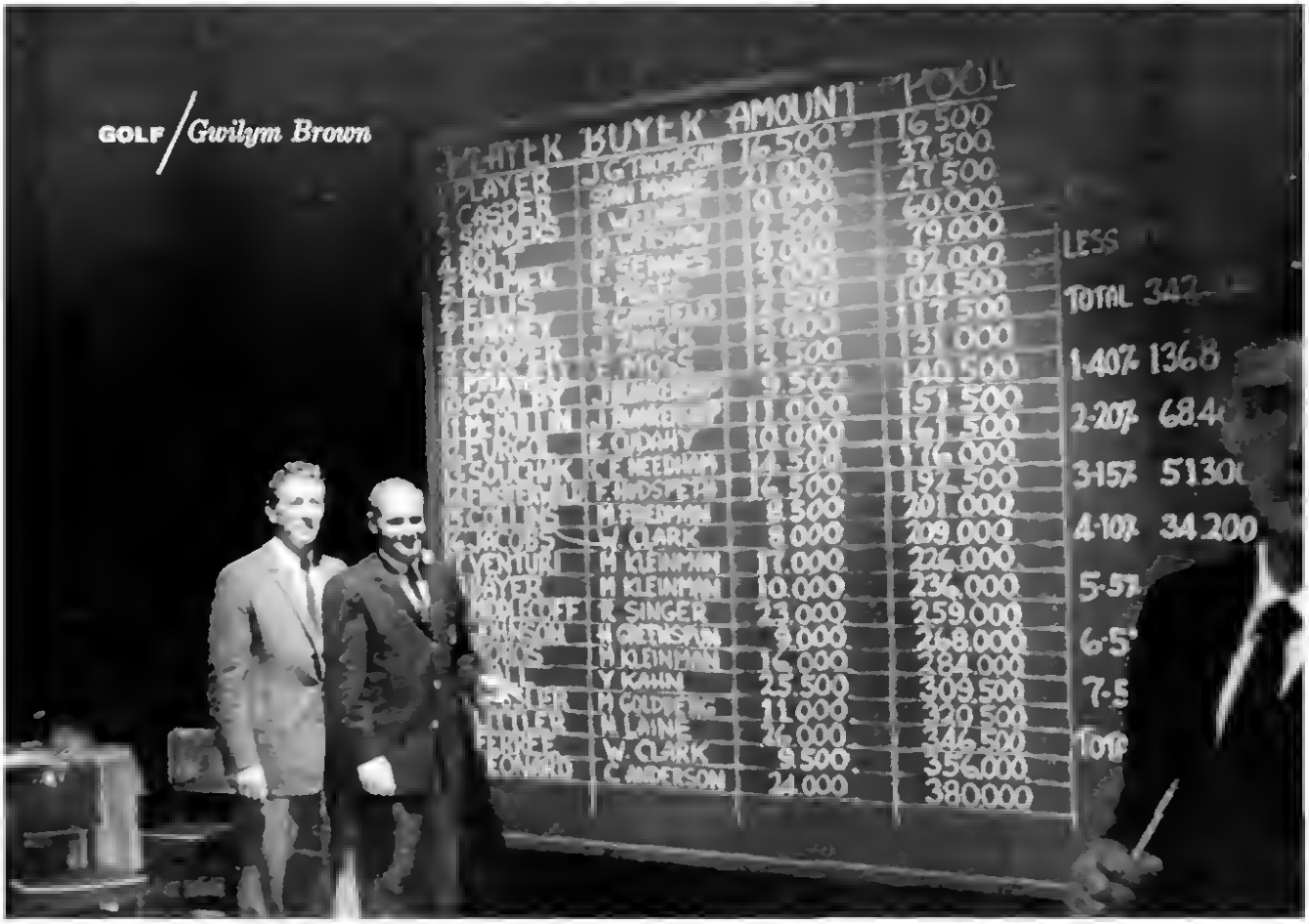
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GOLF / *Gwilym Brown*



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A two-act spectacular at Vegas

The Tournament of Champions gets a new winner in Souchak and a new high in calcuttas

THE garishly colored and ornamented resort-hotel nightclubs that screamingly herald the approach to Las Vegas form an unlikely setting for a golf course, let alone a major golf tournament. But the bizarre is a Las Vegas specialty, and its Tournament of Champions is a two-act spectacular which, though it certainly is not golf in the old-fashioned sense is still quite a show.

Part One of what used to be referred to as the Slot Machine Open before it gained a certain amount of respectability is a pretournament calcutta, which this year piled up a record pool of $380,000. Part Two is the 72-hole golf tournament itself, held at the Desert Inn Country Club course just a few hundred feet from the garish glow. The entry list for the tournament is composed only of PGA tournament champions of the preceding 12 months plus, of course, the man who returns to defend his title. The entry list of those who bid at the calcutta is weeded out of a select field of well-heeled gamblers, real estate owners and big-money men in general who not only have plenty of cash but who are delighted to invest it recklessly. It's readily apparent that this year's winners—Chauncey Needham, who hit a $136,800 jackpot in the calcutta, and Mike Souchak, who shot a 7-under-par 281 to win the tournament itself, $10,000 in prize money and a gift of around $12,000 from Needham's calcutta share—bested some pretty rough competition.

Even in a town jumping with high-powered nightclub acts the calcutta auction held on the eve of the tournament is always the best show of the night. No competing golfers were allowed to be present, but jammed into the flossy Painted Desert Room at the Desert Inn were 450 potential high spenders, plus Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Phil Harris, Jimmie Durante and Joe E. Lewis, while red-faced, white-haired Walter Winchell kept a beady eye on the proceedings in his role as director of the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund for whose benefit the calcutta and tournament are held.

The structure of the calcutta is relatively simple. When the entire field (26 this year) has been auctioned off, 10% of the total pool is donated to the Damon Runyon Fund, and the rest is parceled out for delivery at the close of the tournament in this fashion: 40% to the winning ticket, 20% for second, 15% for third, 10%

for fourth and 5% each for the fifth, sixth and seventh places. This year's pool amounted to $342,000 after the deduction for charity, and first place paid a staggering $136,800. Even the seventh-place ticket was worth $17,100.

Anticipating this fat pot, potential buyers fingered their checkbooks and money clips, and at 9:30 p.m. Auctioneer Milt Wershow glided on stage to start the ball rolling.

"There's Crosby," said Wershow, as he started to warm up the crowd. "What club are you representing, Bing?"

HOPE BOUNCES

"Fort Knox," hellowed Bob Hope before Crosby could drawl a response, and the audience roared.

Finally getting down to business, Wershow auctioned off Gary Player, who went for $16,500, and Billy Casper, who drew a top bid of $21,000. Crosby ambled up to the stage to sell U.S. Open Champion Tommy Bolt for a modest $12,500, and then Hope bounced up to raffle off Arnold Palmer.

"Well, here we are at the Desert Inn's annual benefit for Frankie Laine," said Hope. "I'll tell you, if I ever bought a winner in this thing I'd breed him." The bidding on Palmer reached $19,000 and stalled.

Hope was followed on stage by Durante, Joe E. Lewis, Phil Harris, Tony Martin and even well-fortified Dagmar in platinum-blonde hair and plenty of pancake makeup. But the most effective auctioneer of all was Ray Bolger, who skipped the humorous patter and concentrated on the hard sell. Bolger raffled off Billy Maxwell, Marty Furgol, Mike Souchak and Dow Finsterwald, a group of distinct long shotters, for a total of $54,500. At the halfway mark the pot was worth $176,000, well ahead of the record pace; and when Howie Johnson was sold for $9,000 the old mark of $266,000 had been topped, with six names still to go. Chauncey Needham, a retired San Francisco lumberman who has always held a share in each of Crooner Frankie Laine's three winning Littler syndicates in past tournaments, also led his own syndicate and bought Souchak for only $14,500. Littler again went to Laine for a record price of $26,000; and favorite Art Wall went to Yale Kahn, a wealthy restaurant and real estate operator from San Diego, for $25,500.

On this expectant note the tournament chugged into gear with Souchak running out a first-round 66 to take a two-stroke lead. The golf course, laid out over desert sand in 1952 at a cost of $1 million, is hard, and the ball rolls a long way after it lands. But the fairways are extremely narrow, the bordering rough extremely deep, the greens hard and fast. Souchak's round was therefore very competent, as the tournament record of 275 for four rounds clearly shows.

On the second day a 20-mph wind snapped around the course to push shots in all directions and raise up great swirls of gray-white dust far out in the surrounding desert. Souchak, who came to Las Vegas in a confident frame of mind and on a diet that had brought his weight down 20 pounds to 200 in the last few months, shot steady golf despite the wind, and his 2-under-par 70 gave him a halfway lead of four strokes.

In addition to wind and rough, another mental hazard arose. There is no distinction between nighttime and daytime in Las Vegas, as the always-crowded gambling casinos operate 24 hours a day. If it gets dark nobody notices. Their pockets jingling with silver dollars, crowds of spectators would stroll down to watch some golf between sessions at the crap, blackjack and roulette tables. As these galleries moved up and down the fairways the noise of clinking coins was a steady murmur—like chains being shaken out on a cement floor.

Playing to the accompaniment of this gentle, metallic music, Souchak scored a third-round 68 to set up a final-day race with Art Wall, coincidentally a roommate of Mike's when both attended Duke University. Souchak was driving the ball vast distances off the tee while still keeping it in the fairway. On many of his tee shots he was clubbing the ball out some 350 yards or more. There is no par-4 hole on the Desert Inn course of less than 404 yards, but it was seldom that Mike was reaching the green with anything more than a drive and a little chip or wedge. He carried to the apron of the green on the 554-yard fifth hole with a drive and a five-iron. He was just 20 feet short of the putting surface on the 501-yard 15th hole, with two good woods dead into the wind. On the 17th his drive reached out a full 370 yards. Doubtless, with a little better luck on his chipping and putting, Souchak's score could have been even better than his 66 on the first day and clinched the tournament then and there. But he was still five strokes up on Wall, while Art was five strokes up on the rest of the field.

And it appeared again as if Wall, whose adrenal glands start working feverishly when he is playing in the final round of a golf tournament, might come sailing up from far back and win this event just as he had won the Masters. Playing in the twosome just ahead of Souchak, Wall narrowed the margin to one stroke at the 11th hole. But on the 14th green his first putt from 40 feet hopped past the hole by nine feet. He needed three more putts to get down. As a result, Wall's second-place finish was worth $5,000 to him and $68,400 to his calcutta backers. Meanwhile Gene Littler slipped into third place and returned Laine, Needham and Los Angeles Oilman Don Frankel $51,300 on their investment, thus paying a dividend for the fifth straight year.

For Souchak, his stay in Las Vegas was extremely profitable in all but one respect. Staying away from the crap and blackjack tables, he still managed to blow $2.75 at the slot machines. But even in this department he was way ahead of almost everybody else. **END**



BOOMING drives such as the one Souchak hits here often went more than 300 yards.

BOXING / *Martin Kane*

The ticket was missing

It seems some smart money went astray when the Honeybear tried to regain his title

WHEN Don Jordan took the welterweight title from Virgil Akins last December it was an easy cynicism to assume that the crown had been put in pawn for a betting coup to be redeemed when next they met. Last week in St. Louis it appeared that Akins had lost the pawn ticket.

In the first encounter Akins had looked needlessly sloppy and all but unconcerned. In their second meeting he looked desperately concerned but, after the first third of this dull fight, the desperation was obviously hopeless. Jordan, a hawk-nosed lad of 24 with the copper of Indian blood gleaming through his tawny skin, took the best punches of one of the division's better punchers and punched back with such effect that he was able to coast through the closing rounds while Akins brawled and butted like a man who has lost all other resources.

There can be no question that Akins was trying this time. One had only to look at the pallor deepening on Blinky Palermo's normally ruddy cheeks to realize that a considerable sum had been wagered on the Honeybear to regain his title. Blinky enjoys the warmest friendship with the Akins management and occupied a seat of honor directly behind Akins' corner, to which he offered encouragement from time to time. The corner was the most populous ever assembled for a title fight. Whereas Jordan got along quite comfortably with two men to minister to him, Akins had the services of no less than six corner men, including Dr. Falls Hershey who stood by in a sterile condition, his hands encased in rubber gloves for the purpose of sanitarily stitching up any cuts that might hamper Akins. His services were never needed, though Akins bled freely from his nose and his right eye was half closed. Had Akins known what had happened to Jordan's right hand in the second round he might have done better. The hand was badly injured, though not broken, by a blow that landed on top of Akins' tough head, and thereafter every punch that Jordan threw with it cost him agonizing pain. He used the hand just enough to keep Akins from suspecting.

Akins concentrated on Jordan's body, tearing into it with punches that would have taken all the fervor out of a less beautifully conditioned fighter. But Jordan, who weighed 154 pounds for his first professional fight, was trained down to $146\frac{3}{4}$ for this one and was as lithely tough as an oak sapling.

Jordan began to take charge of the fight in the seventh round, by which time it was apparent that Akins' biggest bombs, the crashing blows that had knocked out Vince Martinez in the finals of a welterweight elimination tournament a year ago, were duds when they penetrated Jordan's slick defense. He was staggered a couple of times, to be sure, but he recovered quickly. Throwing only a couple of light rights in that round, Jordan hooked and jabbed almost at will while Akins, clearly tiring, did little in response.

The welterweight title, which has changed hands 26 times in 33 years, now has a champion who, at 24, looks as if he could hold it for a few years. Don Jordan is a vastly improved fighter.

As for Honeybear Akins, whose management made loud complaints that Jordan had used a caustic ointment on his gloves, burning the challenger's skin, there was not even monetary salve for his defeat. An internal revenue agent tied up his $28,423 purse, claims he owed $22,599 in back taxes. **END**



LUDICROUS MELEE SAW BOTH FIGHTERS FALL, PINNING REFEREE KESSLER TO ROPES



Newton Crumley, Nevada cattleman and owner of the Holiday Hotel in Reno, inspects Charolais cattle in Puerto Rico.

"I brought home a great idea from Puerto Rico—dry rum —and my Nevada friends think it's terrific."

"As I admired a prime herd of Charolais cattle in Puerto Rico," reports Newton Crumley of Reno, "a rum old fashioned appeared.

"I tasted it warily—and knew I had made a discovery. Puerto Rican rum is bright. Clear. Brilliant. And it is *dry*.

"When I got back to Nevada, I introduced my friends to this splendid rum. They agree with me—rum is great stuff.

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Rum Old Fashioned →



FAWNED-ON FAWN

Photographed by David Goodnow



THESE strange playmates on the lawn of the home of Morgan Bulkeley, at Mount Washington, Mass., caused friends and neighbors to stare in astonishment. The Bulkeleys adopted and hand-fed a fawn they found curled up in a nearby field, and the spotted youngster then adopted the Bulkeleys' large Labrador, Ebony. A friendly and easygoing dog, Ebony soon began to tolerate the fawn and the two became constant companions. Such scenes as this were frequent until the friendship ended when the fawn was sent away to a boys' camp.



The harbour at Nassau, Bahamas. Photograph by Carroll Seghers II

Go sea-roving this summer

Nassau

and the

BAHAMA ISLANDS

Yesterday these happy people were part of the work-a-day world. Today they're trading their tension for a sun tan in the British Bahamas. Their only problem: Whether to go sailing, sun bathing, swimming, cycling, fishing, sightseeing, skin diving or water skiing? The only answer: A compromise. They're cruising to a beach-ringed islet for a picnic. Wish you were along?

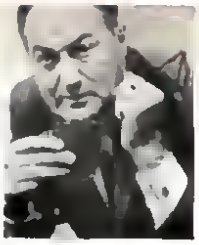
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CHARLES GOREN / *Cards*

Never trust a stranger

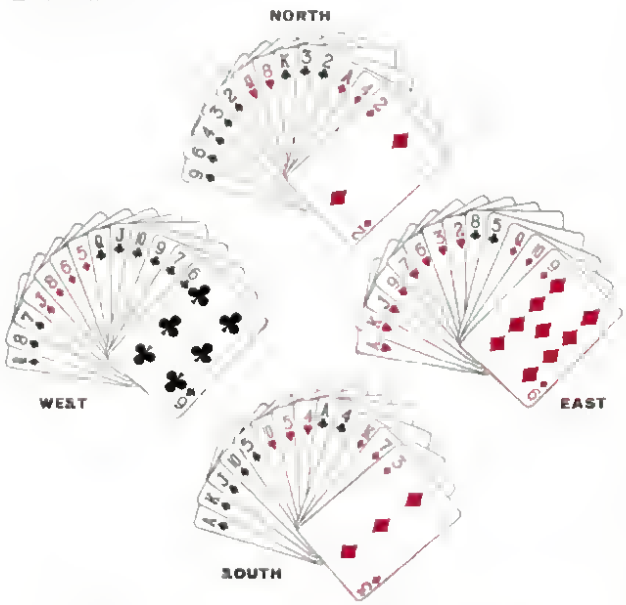
IT IS too bad that the late, deeply lamented Damon Runyon was not a bridge player, because it's a dead sure thing that some marvelous bridge stories would have come from his typewriter. I wish that he, rather than I, could write the sad tale of what happened to a friend of mine who ignored (or perhaps didn't know) the advice Runyon's father once gave him. Shortly before his death, the old gentleman said to young Damon: "Son, sometime, somewhere, a stranger will come up to you and show you a brand-new deck of cards, with the seal still unbroken, and he'll offer to bet he can make the jack of spades jump out of this deck and squirt cider in your left ear. Son, do not bet, because sure as you do, you're going to have an ear full of cider!"

Which brings us to a bridge hand and the sad story about my friend.

"I was South," said my friend, "and though you may not approve of my bidding four spades, you'll agree it was a fine contract for the North-South hands."

"Yes," I said, "I'll have to agree to that."

Both sides vulnerable
East dealer



EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
4♥	4♠	PASS	PASS
PASS			

"You'll also have to agree that it was horrible luck to find the three missing trumps bunched in the West hand, so that I had to lose a trump trick along with two hearts and a diamond."

I gazed at the layout and said, "What happened?"

"What happened? I went down one, of course, but that wasn't the worst of it! When it was over, a kibitzer offered to bet me he could make the hand! So I took him up of course—a rather substantial bet, by the way. And I lost! Can you believe it?"

"Oh yes, I can," I said, still gazing at the layout. "I suppose that West led the queen of clubs?"

He nodded. "That's right."

"So," I said slowly, "the kibitzer won with the club ace, laid down a high trump, and got the bad news about the trump break."

"Yes, just as I got it in the actual play."

"But then," I continued, "the kibitzer got smart. Obviously West didn't have a heart—else he would have led it originally. So the kibitzer cashed the king of clubs and then led dummy's little club and passed it to West, throwing off a diamond from his own hand. Right?"

"Yes," he said. "How did you know?"

Choosing to ignore that not very complimentary question, I continued, "And West made his best return—a low diamond."

"Yes."

"The kibitzer won with the king, cashed the other high trump and the diamond ace and ruffed dummy's remaining diamond. Still right?"

"Yes," he said sulkily.

"Then he threw West in with the trump queen, and West had to give him, the kibitzer, a ruff-and-discard. That is, West had to lead a diamond or a club, and the kibitzer chucked a heart from dummy while he trumped in his own hand. After that, he had only one heart to lose. Still right?"

"Yes! Are you going to tell me I should have played the hand that way at the table! That double-dummy way!"

"Maybe not," I said. "But I am going to tell you not to stick out your ear for a squirt of cider!"

EXTRA TRICK

Sometimes you can overcome a bad break if you make it work for you instead of against you. The winning play is not quite as double-dummy as my friend would like to think. Declarer's only hope is to throw West in and to keep East out. When East fails to follow the third club it affords a sure way to accomplish this.

FOLK SONG SING ALONG



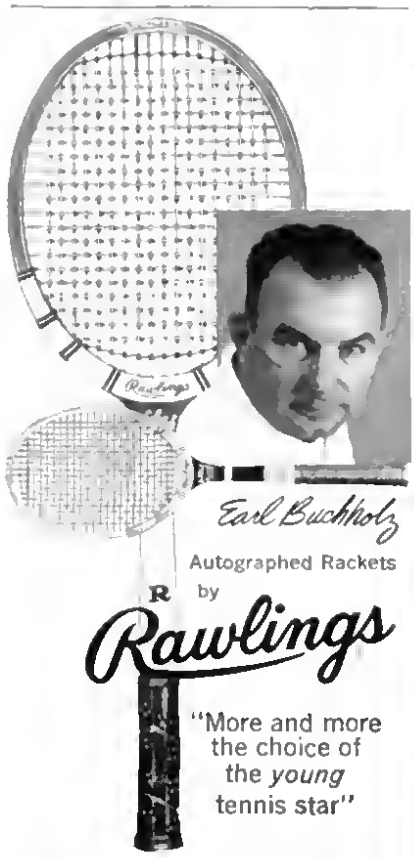
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HIGH FOCUS, HIGH HOPES

continued from page 17

javelin and discus and the rest of it."

Alley learned his lessons well enough to win the New Jersey state high school championship. As a sophomore at Syracuse he reached 242 feet 6 inches, the best ever made by an eastern collegian, and he won the IC4A championship.

He was a good basketball player, too, but in a game at Syracuse he nearly ended his chances in track. Going up under the basket, he was tripped and came down heavily on his right elbow. Operated on for the removal of bone chips in January of 1957, he was out of action for the season but spent a good deal of time thinking of training routines for throwing the javelin. He came up with an odd set of exercises. One of the things he does is spend time driving spikes into a tree with a heavy sledge.

"When I was a kid I helped my dad build a kind of log house one summer," he said. "I remembered the effort you have to use to hammer in nails over your head, and now I do that to develop snap in straightening my arm. I throw a light shot to develop strength, and sometimes I throw a golf ball to develop speed. Then I run up and down the stadium steps a couple of times a week—six round trips, running up and walking down—to develop leg strength and stamina. I work with heavy bar bells during the off season to develop bulk strength, and I work with lighter bar bells during the season."



IN WARMUP CLOTHES, Javelin Star Alley can get off first-rate throws of 230 feet.

Alley spends about three hours a day working out. His training program boosted his weight from 205 to 217 pounds this year.

He uses a long, slingshot motion in throwing the javelin, with his arm extended more than most javelin throwers. This gives him more speed and whip, but it is hard on his elbow. "I figure my arm will last through the Olympics," he said. "Then I'll retire."

Alley spends much of his practice time trying to perfect his approach, a particularly thorny problem for most javelin competitors.

"You have to learn to convert the forward momentum of your run-up into momentum for the javelin," he says. "And you have to get your body into position to throw as you near the point of release. That means you have to change from a regular run to a series of cross-steps just before you release the javelin. Lots of boys I have watched come to nearly a complete stop just before the throw, so that the run doesn't help them any. I can throw over 210 feet by taking just one step, so I figure right now I'm adding about 60 feet from my run. I've watched Bud Held throw and watched movies of him, and I figure he gets about 110 feet from his run. I'm working to get that extra distance into mine. It's mostly a matter of timing and balance."

The four cross-steps Alley takes just before the release are, as he puts it, "four very quick dance steps." To make them easier, Alley took ballet lessons during the off season. "They would help any athlete," he said. "They're a big help in the run-up."

Alley's ambition, besides being a member of a national championship track team, is to win the Olympic title and set a new javelin record. The record now is 281 feet 2¼ inches, set by Egil Danielsen of Norway. Alley has watched movies of Danielsen in action, but he can't tell how much Danielsen gets out of his run-up. But if Alley can get as much from his as Held does—110 feet—and can throw 210 with only a step, it's obvious that Danielsen's record will be in precarious position, indeed. **END**



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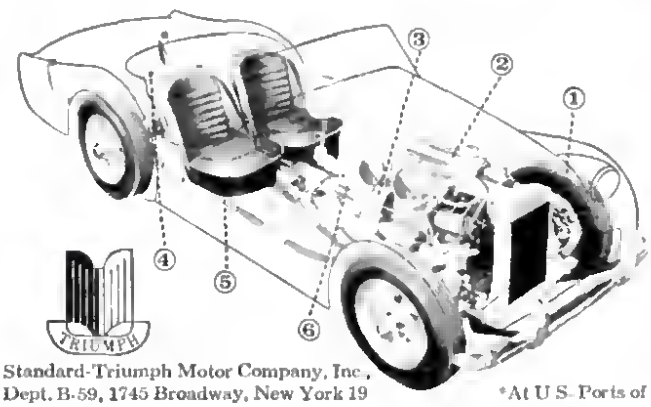
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Part III: THE BILLY TALBERT STORY

WHAT PRICE INDEPENDENCE?

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT with JOHN SHARNIK

What does a tennis player do when the big time loses its glamour? Why does a Davis Cup captain get fired? Here, in the last of three parts, are Billy Talbert's answers

A PAIR of matching silver-plated cups were on display at the Longwood Cricket Club in August 1946, just as they had been for most of the last 27 years. Typically ungainly pieces of sporting silverware, too deep to make decent punch bowls, too roomy to fill with flowers, they bore the following inscription:

UNITED STATES NATIONAL
LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP
CHALLENGE TROPHY
NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP
DOUBLES

They were among the most attractive prizes in the entire showcase of tennis awards—and with a very particular attraction for me.

The war was over, the world was back in joint again, and tennis seemed to be on the threshold of another golden age. All the established stars were back, and there was a healthy reserve of fine newcomers crowding to the fore. And if I had ever had any doubts as to where I belonged in this happy, hungry crew, they were dispelled for good.

I had not been entirely happy during the war. It's no fun being a medical misfit, even for the best of reasons, when all your friends are off somewhere on the fighting line. I had tried war work for a while, then a job in an electronics plant, but neither seemed to suit me. An unhappy marriage did nothing to improve my state of mind, and I had finally given in and gone back to tennis again. Pancho Segura and I had played numberless exhibition games in Army and Navy posts all up and down the land. And tennis had been really good to me in the form of a job offered by William du Pont Jr.—a job which consisted mainly of helping him to manage his many sporting interests but still left me free to play about as much tennis as I liked.

In the absence of so many stars I had no difficulty in holding my top ranking in the war-curtailed tournament circuit. But when the boys came marching home, I was ready for them. I climbed up to the No. 3 position in the national listings and came within a hair of winning my great ambition, the national singles at Forest Hills. Frank Parker beat me out after I pulled a tendon in my left leg in a match that, injury or no injury, was as hard-fought as any I had ever been in. Now I was in Boston with my old partner, Gardnar Mulloy, for the national doubles again.

The irresistible glamour of the doubles trophy lay in the list of winners that followed the inscription. Starting with "1919—Norman E. Brookes and Gerald L. Patterson," that list added up to a tennis Hall of Fame, ranging over the whole history of the game since the golden age after World War I. And it was with no small feeling of pride that I could read two of the most recent entries:

1942 GARDNAR MULLOY
AND WILLIAM TALBERT
1945 LT. GARDNAR MULLOY
AND WILLIAM F. TALBERT

A third time would mean that the trophies were ours for keeps. Other doubles teams in the past had had the same chance to take permanent possession of the cups, but no one had ever done it. That was part of their legend and part of their special allure.

EVER since that near miss against Allison and Van Ryn during my first tour of the eastern circuit, I had been carving out an increasingly comfortable niche for myself as a doubles player. I felt at home on a singles court; the last few years' rankings showed that. But doubles was really my game, and in Gardnar Mulloy, as a long string of victories proved, I had the perfect partner. I had learned my tactics early, and I had the control to carry them out. Mulloy had the power it takes to make good tactics pay off, and we had worked well from the beginning. We had those two legs on the trophy to prove it—but this third time turned out to be a battle all the way.

Fortunately, Jack Kramer and Ted Schroeder, who like us were aiming to take the cups home for good, were eliminated in the semifinals by Don

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A HAPPY FATHER IN NEW YORK, THE BOY FROM CINCINNATI POSES WITH HIS WIFE NANCY AND SONS PETER, 7½ (LEFT), AND PIKE, 9½

McNeill and Frank Guernsey in one of the biggest upsets in recent years. But McNeill and Guernsey, it became obvious the next afternoon when we met in the finals, were just as eager to keep the cup out of our hands as they'd been to block the Californians from it. Guernsey was the surprise of the tournament. His shots, though not powerful, were terribly deceptive. Time after time he directed the course of play, maneuvering the ball until the opening came, then flicking chalk off the lines with beautifully angled volleys. McNeill, meanwhile, kept firing the heavy artillery.

We kept pace, but in the fifth and final set we fell behind 3–5. We barely staved off defeat, and at 6–7, with Mulloy coming up on service, I told myself: Here's one we can count on, anyway. Only suddenly we were behind—40 love. We just saved ourselves by winning five straight points.

A few changes of court later, and we were behind 10–11—again with Mulloy serving. And again we were on the edge of disaster before a string of winners saved us.

At 13–14 it was my turn to serve. I paused to take a swig of orange juice—better to be sure, I told myself.

My serve wasn't working right. The score edged up to 30–40. If we lost this one it was all over.

I walked briskly back to the base line, brought my racket up in my peculiar, quick, backswingless motion. The ball went deep to Guernsey's backhand. He played a beautiful, low, long cross-court shot out of reach of Mulloy at the net. I was positive I couldn't get to it, yet I knew I just had to. At the last moment I brought my racket around sharply. The racket connected, and the ball shot back across the court, past Guernsey and—I thought—into the alley for a point. I was dismayed when I saw Guernsey and McNeill rush toward each other jubilantly, their hands outstretched in congratulations.

Gardnar and I looked around in confusion. There was a rumble of disbelief from the stands. There had been no "out" call from the linesman. A moment later my first impression was confirmed. "Deuce!" the umpire called, in a firm, clear voice. My return had been good, and we were still in the match. I went back to the base line and made good on my serve. Fourteen all.

The score went to 15–15, 16–16, 17–17 and 18–18. No set in a national doubles final had ever gone that long. McNeill served. The score became deuce, our advantage, back to deuce, and then McNeill erred and we went on to win the game.

For the first time now we held the upper hand—the score 19–18 in our favor, only one game needed to win, and Mulloy, whose service had been the most effective on the court, was stepping up again.

Gardnar served—a fine one. The return went back to him, short. He picked it up on a half volley. Guernsey volleyed back, down the middle. I moved, cut it off and rapped it sharply between Guernsey and McNeill. We were one point from the title.

continued

ABOUT THE BOOK

The story of Billy Talbert's career has just appeared in greatly expanded form in *Playing for Life*, by William F. Talbert with John Sharnik (Little, Brown and Co., $4).

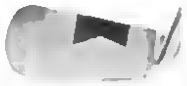
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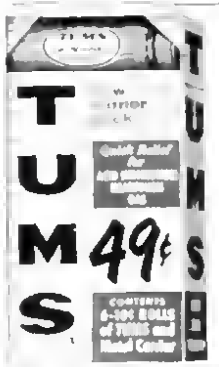


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Mulloy planted himself carefully at the base line, wiped his racket hand against his flannels and delivered a perfect, high-bounding twist into the backhand corner. The return was cross-court. Mulloy, moving up fast, reached it on the volley this time, punched it low and deep. McNeill dug it up. Another exchange, and then a return came soft to my backhand. I angled it sharply into the opening on McNeill's side of the court, and through for the winner. The crowd let out a shout in unison. Mulloy and I were champions for the third time.

Three weeks after Longwood, Mulloy and I won the clinching doubles point for the United States in the Davis Cup playoff against Sweden. Now, along with the other members of the United States team, I had a shot at the second of the season's big prizes. In November we would be heading for Sydney, to challenge Australia for the international trophy.

Australia was something none of us was quite prepared for. Mulloy, Kramer, Schroeder, Frank Parker, Tom Brown and I—as ranking tennis players—were all used to being honized on the tournament circuit. But all of that was nothing compared to the fierce glare of publicity that was turned on us as soon as we stepped out of the huge flying boat and into the warmth of Australia's upside-down summer.

As far as the reporters were concerned, we didn't just give interviews—we had to hold press conferences with whole batches of reporters at once. They were not only concerned with the daily state of every player's health and tennis strokes, they were also as interested in our private lives as if we were movie celebrities.

"What about your divorce, Billy? Could you tell us just a bit about that?"

"I'd rather skip it, if you don't mind."

"Any plans to remarry?"

"No," I said. I felt uncomfortable.

"Well, now, you weren't in service during the war. You had some sort of exemption, I presume?"

There it was—the question above all that I disliked having to answer. I gave them the explanation that had been sufficient for the newspapers back home when the draft board turned me down: "Medical reasons."

"Yes, I understand that, but just what sort? I mean, would you mind being a little more specific?"

I tried to keep it simple. "I had diabetes," I said lightly.

"Fully recovered now, I suppose?"

"I say," another reporter put in, "isn't that rather extraordinary? I mean to say, one doesn't recover from diabetes, to the best of my knowledge. And I had the impression that diabetics aren't permitted to take exercise."

It was all in the papers the next day, along with a picture of me in action: "Billy Talbert, who conducts his career in tennis with a hypodermic needle as well as a racket. The American Davis Cup star is a diabetic, playing the game under doctor's supervision since the age of 14."



DOUBLES KINGS Talbert *left* and Gardnar Mulloy were the first to retire trophy.

A day or two later, when we reached Melbourne, the site of the Challenge Round, I found a note addressed to me under the letterhead of a local organization dedicated to the training and care of diabetics. As a "well-known" athlete, it said, I was in a position to be of "inspiration and inestimable help to fellow sufferers of diabetes." Could I spare a couple of hours, some time in the near future, to play a brief tennis exhibition for a group of diabetic children and perhaps chat with them afterward for a while?

I didn't care for that term "fellow sufferers." I wasn't a "sufferer" of anything; my idea was to lick it and

leave it behind, to get as far away from it as possible. There were comparable organizations back home. I had always given them a wide berth.

If I had been completely my own agent I would have done the same down in Melbourne. But I wasn't just acting for Bill Talbert, private citizen and tennis player. I was a representative of the U.S. That little emblem on the pocket of my blazer, identifying me as a member of the American Davis Cup team, was a responsibility as well as an honor.

And so one morning I drove out to one of Melbourne's handsome parks. With me was Gardnar Mulloy, who had agreed to come along as my opposition. Several dozen youngsters, some as young as 7 or 8, others in their late teens, were assembled around the hard-surfaced public court. I could feel the dozens of eyes on me as I took the court with my rackets under my arm. I waved a hello to the group, acknowledging the director's introduction. In spite of myself, I felt an immediate contact with them.

For the kids' benefit, I called over to Mulloy, who had taken his position across the net: "I'm warning you, Gardnar, I've had my insulin, I've had my breakfast, and I'm ready for anything this morning." I turned to the boys and added: "Mr. Mulloy, here, isn't a member of the club, like you and me, but he's a fine fellow just the same. Maybe we'll make him an honorary member."

There was a cheer of assent from the gang.

We played a set, pausing every now and then to explain some aspect of the game for the younger kids. Even though we were taking things easy, our audience seemed to be as wrapped up in the proceedings as if there were a trophy at stake. They cheered constantly and with unreserved partisanship. I was their boy.

"You ought to bring this crowd along with you next time you play a tournament," Mulloy said during a change of court. "An outsider doesn't stand a chance around here."

I grinned. "You know who'd better win this match. If it isn't me, you may never get out of here alive."

When we returned to the hotel, in time for lunch and the afternoon practice session, I realized that, whatever reservations I might have started with, I'd enjoyed myself.

What I didn't realize yet was that I had started something that was to

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be almost as big a factor in my life as tennis. From now on I was a sort of unofficial diabetes consultant to the world.

It wasn't very long after I got back from Australia before I had to face up to the fact that my life was changing. Not just because my new fame as a diabetic was involving me in correspondence and consultation with all kinds of troubled diabetics everywhere; there was something else, too. There was a girl.

Her name was Nancy Pike. She was a slender girl with dark eyes, jet hair and a small, finely molded face, and when she smiled it was a total illumination. She lived in New York with her family, worked as an editor for *Vogue*, the fashion magazine, and took her job seriously. I found this out when I tried to keep her out late, after midnight, in some of the places I knew where the music was mellow and the lights were dim. I also found out that after I reluctantly took her home and went to these places myself, their magic was gone. I discovered for the first time in my life, when Nancy wasn't around, what it was like to be lonely. I felt the need of someone—her—and it bothered me.

We saw more and more of each other, and then something happened that clinched it, for me. I had a relapse, a bad one. Dispirited and restless, I had taken to staying up a little too late, alone, drinking a little too much. I forgot about the danger signs. I became moody, strangely tired, irritable. I even quarreled with Nancy about her early going-home habits, and after one such quarrel, when I finally got home at about 3 a.m., I went to sleep and didn't wake up.

It was Nancy who saved me. Worried and saddened by the bickering we had fallen into, she called the hotel at noon the next day. When I didn't answer, she became alarmed and asked them to look in on me. When they informed her that I was lying in bed, unconscious, she rushed over, got an ambulance and watched as I was taken, inert and unknowing, to the hospital.

It was a very close call and, worse still, I had no excuse. It took hours before huge amounts of a sugar solution, injected intravenously, finally brought me around. I had three days in the hospital to think things over,



A TENNIS CLINIC for diabetic children brings Talbert to a summer camp run by

long days when it was impossible to avoid thinking, as I had been doing for so long. And the more I thought, the more I realized that things had to be different, that I finally had to consider my future seriously.

It wasn't just enough to be free. I had to do something with my freedom, otherwise it became a kind of slavery in itself. I'd get busy, I decided, and begin making the rounds. Somewhere there was a spot for a tennis player with a pretty good business head.

My chance came unexpectedly one evening when Nancy and I had finished dinner. As I helped her with her coat and started toward the door, a hand reached out from one of the tables and a tall, graying man stood up. "Billy, how've you been?"

"Fine, Tom." I turned to Nancy. "This is Mr. Johnson, like so many people, from some place on the tennis court. At the moment I couldn't remember where.

"I haven't seen you since the nationals," he said, giving me the clue. I had met him at the West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills. "What are you doing with yourself these days?"

"Looking for a job," I said.

"I've got one for you."

"I'll take it."

Johnson's ruddy face stiffened in



New York Diabetes Association in the foothills of the Catskill Mountains in New York State. Such affairs, which Billy used to dread, now give him deep satisfaction

surprise, then crumpled into a wide smile. He began to chuckle. "For a moment I thought maybe we were really going to do business."

"I'm ready if you are." I was serious. There were only just so many chances, and I couldn't be sure how many I'd used up already.

"All right," Johnson said. "Be at my office first thing in the morning." I took his card and slipped it into my pocket.

In the cab Nancy turned to me with a look of amazement. "Who," she said, "was calling who's bluff? If I understand what went on in that high-powered transaction, you just went to work for Mr. Johnson."

"That's the way I understand it." I felt as if a huge weight had just been lifted from my shoulders.

"What kind of job is it? What does he do?"

"I haven't the ghost of an idea," I said honestly. "Something in Wall Street. That's as much as I know." I took the card out of my pocket and turned on the dome light in the cab. "Security Banknote Company," I read. "Sounds solid enough, doesn't it?"

"It sounds like a full-time career, too. What about tennis?"

"Nancy," I said, almost persuading myself that I meant it, "I don't care. If it has to be one thing or the other, then I've just got to forget about the tennis. Do you mind if I take you home a little early?" I added. "I want to make sure of a good start tomorrow."

My usual running start on a day was a little too brisk for Wall Street. I had been waiting outside the door of Johnson's office for half an hour before he arrived. He shook my hand and led me inside.

"What I've been looking for," he said, "is a man who can do a selling job. I've seen enough of you around the tennis club to think you can do it."

"I've had some experience," I said.

"I knew that." He moved a few things on his desk. "How much do you know about our company?"

"Not a thing."

"No reason you should. Fortunately, people in the financial field do know about us. Foreign countries, too." He pointed to a display of framed documents that lined the office walls—samples of foreign currencies, stock and bond certificates.

"All those are our work," Johnson said with some pride. "We printed them. That's what we are, basically—printers. In a very special field, with special requirements. Currencies, securities, any kind of financial document representing an organization's promise to make good on its word. A company votes a new stock

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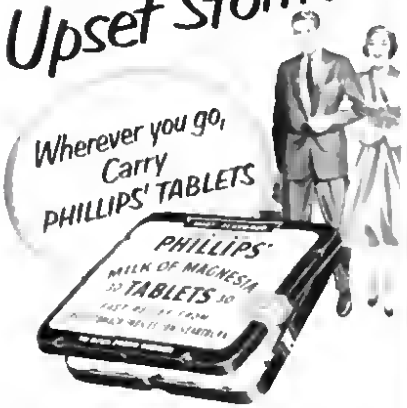


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Johnson took a cigarette from a box on his desk and offered me one. I shook my head.

"Now *there*," he said, "is where our salesmen come in. Which means you, if you're still interested."

"I'm with you," I said.

The phone rang. Johnson answered it, cupped his hand over the mouthpiece and said, "One of our men. Stay where you are, Billy."

I judged by the phone conversation that it wasn't easy to convince a company, no matter how well known Security Banknote might be. Johnson seemed disturbed. But what I heard couldn't have sounded luckier to me. "A tough one," Johnson said, putting down the phone and turning back to me. "You'll find out that a board of directors is just like any customer. You've got to be able to see them in order to sell them. Looks as if the competition may have an inside track on this deal."

I tried to sound casual. "Maybe I can help," I said. "I know a man on the board of the company you were just talking about. I'm sure I can at least get into his office."

Johnson pursed his lips approvingly. "Go ahead and try it."

I picked up the phone. In a few minutes I had an appointment for Johnson and me later in the week.

Tom glanced at his watch and slapped me on the back. "Half an hour on the job and you're on your way to earning your first commission. Not bad." He hitched up his chair. "Maybe you and I had better get a little business of our own settled."

I took a deep breath. I had come in ready to accept almost any reasonable terms. But luck had put me on the offensive, in a position that I hadn't expected. In a situation like this on the tennis court I knew what I'd do: I'd go all out.

"Tom," I said carefully, "if we make this sale, you can chalk it up to tennis. I think I can safely say I'd never have been able to make that phone call if it hadn't been for tennis."

Johnson nodded, somewhat puzzled.

"A lot of people you have to deal with in this business are tennis people," I went on. "Fans, club members, friends of the game. I probably know quite a few of them already from playing tournaments around the country. If I can keep getting around among these people, I think I can do a better job for you."

"You mean you intend to keep playing tennis."

"I mean I think it's important for me to keep playing tennis. I don't mean going on the circuit; I mean getting to a few of the big tournaments. Keeping myself in touch with the game."

Johnson swung around in his chair, saying nothing for a moment.

"How do we know you won't be giving your attention to tennis instead of the job? I don't mean you'd do it deliberately," he added. "But where's the incentive? If it came down to a choice between a match and a contract . . . well, you could sit back on your guarantee and let the contract go. We've got to consider the risk."

"Suppose I take the risk."

"How?"

"Whatever guarantee you usually give your men, suppose I take a smaller one."

Johnson thought that over.

"And," I added quickly, "a fatter commission."

Johnson stared at me, shook his head and laughed. "Billy," he said, "I should have known I was in for a tough match when I took you on." He stood up and offered me his hand. "It's a deal. I think we're both going to be glad we made it."

NANCY and I were married in the fall of 1948—four months after I landed the first contract in Wilmington, two months after Gardnar Mulloy and I won our fourth national doubles championship and a few weeks after we won our first doubles point in a Davis Cup Challenge Round, part of a 5-0 sweep over the Australians. Nancy was in the stands at both those tennis events, as she has been many times in the years since. She has also been in my corner through many rounds in the campaign to live successfully with diabetes. And I am not the only diabetic who has gained a lot by her being there. With Nancy's help I found real satisfaction in helping the many people who wrote to me about their diabetes problems—the kind of satisfaction that comes with getting a letter

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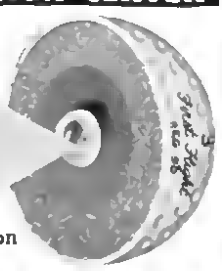
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and a snapshot of a laughing young girl at play who a year before had been treated like a hopeless invalid, or a visit from a man who, having consulted me about the advisability of his taking a job as a mail carrier, came back six months later to tell me happily that his only complaint now was flat feet. "Try curing *that* with a lump of sugar!" he said with a grin.

The job went well, too. More and more my tennis contacts came to my aid, and even with a wife, a baby son and another on the way, I felt secure. And I was still well up on my tennis game—enough to beat a man like Pancho Gonzales for the Southampton Trophy in 1949, enough to come within a whisper of winning the national doubles for a fifth time with Gardnar Mulloy in 1950 (an Australian team beat us in the finals), enough to take a promising young newcomer from my home town of Cincinnati under my wing and help him in a spectacular climb to No. 3 player in the U.S. rankings in two seasons. Tony Trahert, in fact, was to become our best hope in Davis Cup competition; but I was to be playing a new role, one I had never considered before. A couple of months before the 1953 Challenge Round I was picked to be captain of the U.S. Davis Cup team.

It was a tough assignment. For the last three years the Australians had reigned supreme with their huge crop of eager young players, while our own ranks had been thinned by the growing professional circuit. But the gloomy prophecies concerning our team's chances proved to be exaggerated. At the end of the second day's play, at the huge Kooyong Stadium in Melbourne, the score stood, incredibly: United States 2, Australia 1. The one-point margin represented an astonishing straight-set victory in the doubles, in which Trabert and his partner, Vic Seixas, totally baffled the Australian team. The device they used to do it was one that Mulloy and I had put into practice some years before at the suggestion of Mercer Beasley, the celebrated tennis coach.

The device was a system of signals, staged with almost theatrical effect. Before each point on our service, the net man would suddenly turn his back on the other team and flash a sign to the server, like a baseball catcher instructing his pitcher. One signal meant that as soon as the ball was served the net man was going to shift to the opposite side of the court. In that case the server would cross in the opposite direction to cover the other side. An alternate signal indicated that the net man would stay put, whereupon the server would come to net on his normal side of the court.

Simple as it was, this scheme had the powerful elements of mystery and novelty; that sudden, unusual move by the man at the net as he wheeled to face his partner was upsetting. The Australians fell apart under the psychological blow.

The doubles victory, however, was not quite enough. On the third day Trabert was beaten by young Lewis Hoad in one of the most exciting matches in recent Davis Cup history, and then Seixas lost to the other half of the Aussies' boy-genius act, Ken Rosewall. We were going home covered with the glory of an unexpected near-miss, but still empty-handed.

In the locker room afterward, Trabert glanced back from the mirror he was using to knot his tie. "You know something?" he said, with an expression of surprise, as if a happy thought had suddenly struck him. "We're good enough to beat those guys."

"All right," I said, "let's. Next year."

And 1954 was indeed our year. When the Challenge Round began before a record crowd of more than 25,000 people at White City Stadium, we were in good shape. Trabert, ready and eager to play the opener, had, in fact, drawn the first match, against Australia's Lew Hoad.

It was a contest of powerful hitters, but Tony gave it something besides muscle. A tricky wind increased the risks of a big service; we agreed that the situation called for less speed and more control. Tony, cutting down on the force of his first serve, got it in consistently. Hoad, on the other hand, faulted and was obliged to come in with an easier second serve.

From my canvas chair on the sidelines I watched the match seesaw, first in Tony's favor, then Hoad's. Too often Trabert was being passed at the net from Hoad's backhand. I kept looking for some pattern in the Australian's game that we could anticipate. Finally, in the second set, I spotted something.

At the next change of court I told Trabert, as I dried the handle of his racket with a towel, "Watch that

backhand. When the ball comes in high to him on that side, he's hitting it straight down the line. When it comes to him low, he drives it cross-court with top spin."

Tony nodded, rinsing his mouth with water. When play resumed he responded perfectly, anticipating Hoad's returns and cutting them off with a volley.

Still Hoad held firm, and, after a grueling series of games in the third set, he led 7 games to 6, 40-30 in points, on his own serve. One more point would give him a lead of two sets to one—and that could finish Tony's chances.

Hoad served, deep and high to Trabert's backhand, and rushed to the net behind it. Trabert turned sharply cross-court and also moved in. At close range they peppered each other with an exchange of volleys before Hoad stepped into one and sent it murderously right at Trabert. Tony, flinging up his racket in self-defense, stabbed at the ball. Incredibly, it popped across the net. Hoad lunged and drove the ball beautifully down the line from his backhand—and out of court. It was one of those unpredictable breaks of the game, and Tony took full advantage of it. He went on to win the game, the set and the match.

NOW IT was Seixas' turn. Rosewall, his nemesis, had beaten him once again in an Australian tournament only a week or two before. But Rosewall, too, had a pattern: a tendency to hit cross-court off his relatively weak forehand. Seixas' tactic was to get to Rosewall's forehand as quickly as possible and move to the net, covering against a cross-court return.

Harry Hopman, seated down the sideline from me, evidently saw what was happening. I could see him earnestly giving instructions to young Rosewall during a break. Going back onto the court, Ken began to chip some of his forehands softly down the line. Another countermeasure was called for: Seixas had to avoid committing himself too quickly, had to hold back his move to the net momentarily, so that he wouldn't be caught going the wrong way and would be in a position to take the chip shot.

The first set went to Seixas. In the second he began to show distressing signs of his old habits, missing shots he should have made without much

continued

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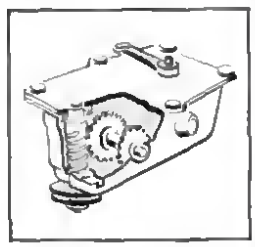
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trouble, losing leads that had seemed safe. Finally, on a crucial point late in the set, Rosewall hit a ball that looked out—to just about everyone in the stadium except the linesman, who called it "in." Vic came storming toward the umpire's stand, clenching his fists and grimacing in protest. But then he stopped. With a gesture of impatience he brushed his dismay aside, went back to work, and in two more sets put Rosewall down.

As we came up for the doubles, on the second day, we were in the driver's seat. The Australians put up a tremendous fight, but, as Vic put it once, "they're just delaying the inevitable." Seixas and Trabert finally slammed the door with the winning point. They pummeled each other happily, and I ran onto the court to console the Australians and congratulate my own players for winning back the Davis Cup.

Three years later, on a Sunday morning, not long after what tennis people were calling "the moral victory over Australia in 1957," while I was taking advantage of some unseasonably mild February weather by rolling grounders to young Pike on the terrace of our apartment, I was called to the phone. It was Victor Denny, a Seattle investment banker, who had been elected president of the USLTA a month before. I tossed the ball to Pike and hurried in, anxious to hear what the new chief of organized tennis might have to tell me and totally unprepared for what I was about to hear.

I listened, not quite believing it, then headed back toward the terrace, feeling numb.

Nancy met me on the stairs. "Bad news?" she said, reading the expression on my face.

I sat down on the stairs. "I've just been fired."

"Fired? By the magazine? The diabetes association? Which one of your dozen jobs—" she stopped. "You're serious."

"By the tennis association. I'm not the Davis Cup captain any more."

"You're not serious. Willy, it's a gag."

I shook my head. "That was Victor Denny on the phone."

"What did he say? Why? They didn't expect you to win, did they?"

"It isn't that. It couldn't be. In fact, he said everybody thought I'd done a fine job."

"Then what is the reason?"

"I don't know. All he said was that they had never intended the job to be permanent, which is true enough, and they decided to make a change." I was trying to think this over. "You know," I said, "I've been doing this job for years—all the work and the trips away from home—because I felt I owed so much to tennis. And now they tell me forget it, the debt is squared, we don't want anything more from you. I ought to be relieved, but I guess my pride is hurt."

For the first time since I was a young diabetic learning his way around a cement court, I couldn't stomach the thought of tennis.

IN THE morning the phone started to ring early, and kept ringing. Old tennis friends, reporters, business associates, even some tennis officials who had, apparently, not been in on the decision and were surprised by it. Some of them had already made other phone calls themselves in an effort to find an explanation for what had happened.

The team's performance didn't seem to have anything to do with the issue, as Denny had assured me. But there had been other complaints: I had been too "liberal" with the players (that oldest complaint of all). I had taken functions on myself that properly belonged to USLTA committees (making personal pronouncements about the team). I had issued strong statements that ought to have come from higher sources if they were to be made at all (the criticism of players who had declined the trip to Australia; proposals for changes in tennis which I had discussed with reporters and put into print under my own byline in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED). I had failed to cooperate with the tennis association in enforcing its rule limiting overseas play by United States players (telling Barry MacKay it was all right for him to go on and play a few tournaments on the international circuit).

That, at least, was the case as it was explained to me unofficially. Officially, I was never told anything more.

Well, perhaps I had no reason to be surprised. It was as tbe doctor had told me: "A little less independence wouldn't do you any harm." Even my father, who had taught me to be that way, hadn't found it easy to live with. Tbis was what it had taken to change me from idle diabetic

continued



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to eager tennis player. I could understand now what I was, but I knew I would never really change again.

As I reached my office the phone on my desk was ringing, too. Charley Hare was on the line.

"Can't believe it, Willy," he said. "Damnedest thing I ever heard of."

"They pay the bills for the team," I reminded him. "I guess they've got a right to fire the captain."

"You've done a good job, Willy. Everybody knows it."

"Thanks," I said. "I hope the next guy does better. It would be nice if we won for a change. The hell with it anyway. Let's talk about something else. How's Mary?"

"Fine, fine as ever." He hesitated. "Look, maybe this isn't the best time to bring this up, but I've worked out some of the figures on this Junior Chamber of Commerce tennis program. The tournaments, you know."

"I know."

"Well, it isn't going to be easy. It'll take $10,000 to run the program at the top." He paused again. "I don't suppose you're in any mood right now to think about raising $10,000 to promote tennis."

I SWUNG around in my chair and stared out the window, thinking about what Charley was saying. Even through the grime and shadow of downtown New York, the day was bright and clear. The air had a false but inviting hint of spring. It was the kind of day when, 25 years before in Cincinnati, I would have been hurrying home from school to dig my racket out of the closet and head for the tennis courts at Coy Field.

I made up my mind.

"There are plenty of people who love tennis almost as much as you and I do," I said. "If I talk to them, maybe they'll come through with a contribution. I ought to be able to raise the ten thousand somehow."

"Good show, Willy. I hoped you wouldn't change your mind about the program. It's really going to be a fine thing for the game if we get it going right."

"I'm sure it will, Charley."

"How's your own game these days? National Indoor Championship's coming up, you know. Planning to go in and show the kids a few shots?"

I could almost feel the satisfying heft of the racket in my hand.

"I'll be in it," I said. **END**



IN HOMESTRETCH, HORSES OF 1904 APPROACH QUAINT, TURN-OF-CENTURY FINISH

Workman's Compensation

Factorylike Jamaica, which may shut forever this year, flourished in a proletarian air

JAMAICA, the ugly darling of the New York racing fans, opened this spring for what will probably be the last season in its 56-year history. Next year it may be on its way to becoming a middle-income housing development for the workers in the needle and building trades unions, which have indicated interest in the Jamaica site. This, some chronic reformers might say, is altogether fitting and proper, for Jamaica has in its time no doubt done its part in depriving a number of hard form workers in New York's five boroughs of decent housing and an adequate income. But it is not for this reason that Jamaica, often called the poor man's Saratoga, faces the bulldozer's blade. Like its proletarian counterpart in Brooklyn, Ebbets Field, it is doomed by its obsolescence. It will not, however, be soon forgotten.

Jamaica, a strictly concrete, utilitarian race track, has always been more popular with $2 bettors, who sometimes bet 20s and 50s, than beautiful Belmont or the old Aqueduct, now being replaced by a dream track. At Aqueduct the salt breezes cooled off horseplayers now and then. At Belmont bettors had a grove of trees to sit under between races. But Jamaica, more constricted and looking like a betting factory, was never marred by such frills. Jamaica represented pure, pristine greed. It was always as ugly as sin. There was no place to sit down under trees. In fact, it was hard to find a tree, and the only place to sit was in the 17,500 seats in the grandstand and clubhouse. That never kept people away. The largest number of people ever to go to a New York track was at Jamaica on Memorial Day of 1945 —64,670 paid, turnstile-registered patrons.

The opening-day crowd at Jamaica on Monday, April 27, 1903 was 18,000. That was very good for the time, when the five boroughs of Greater New York had a mere 3,500,000 inhabitants. Five hundred of the opening-day crowd represented Tammany Hall, which controlled New York politically at the moment. Several of the founding fathers of Jamaica were Tammany leaders. "Big Tim" Sullivan, who dominated the East Side of New York, controlled the new Metropolitan Jockey Club, which put up Jamaica to compete with New York's five other tracks: Sheepshead Bay, Brighton Beach, Gravesend, Morris Park and Aqueduct.

On that opening day, Sullivan

continued



"Hiya, hon, I'm home and hungry!"

"Oh dear! Wouldn't you know! There's not a thing in the house . . ."

"I brought dinner, dear—a fish."

"A what? Well, you can just clean it outside then—not in here."

"Oh, dear. Have it your way. Mmm, oh mmm, could I go for a glass or two of that wonderful Prior Beer along with . . ."

"What did you say?"

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sent "one of the biggest commissions he ever placed on a horse" into the big betting ring, where 65 bookmakers could accommodate 10,000 customers. (Another 65 could operate for 10,000 more bettors in the surrounding infield.) He is rumored to have won $20,000 on his own horse, Setauket, in the second race, and he won in a romp. Eugene Wood, a Tammany lobbyist at the state legislature in Albany, and also one of the founders of Jamaica, for whom the Wood Memorial, one of Jamaica's biggest



BE-SKIMMERED "Big Tim" Sullivan, East Side boss of Tammany, at 1903 opening

stakes, is named, was also a heavy bettor. He used to bet with Tim Mara, a popular bookmaker of the era, until one day Mr. Mara, a pious man, caught Mr. Wood telling his beads as his horse was coming down the stretch. "Don't ever try betting with me again," Mr. Mara said sternly. "I can beat you any time, but I can't beat you and God."

The big race on opening day in 1903 was the Excelsior, still run but not on opening day. William C. Whitney's 4-year-old bay colt Blackstock won and took $6,730 of the $10,000 purse. (The purse of the last Excelsior to be run at Jamaica this year is $25,000.) Among those present to watch the victory besides Mr. Whitney and his son, Harry Payne Whitney, were Jim Jeffries, then heavyweight champion of the world, Bob Fitzsimmons, from whom Jeffries had won the title four years before, and Kid McCoy, claimant to the middleweight title at the time.

Many celebrities have gone to Jamaica in the ensuing years, but they were always lost in the proletarian shuffle. Nobody did any socializing at Jamaica, and nobody ever cared what anybody else wore. The theme song

of Jamaica might well have been *The Sidewalks of New York*. George Ryall, who writes on racing for *The New Yorker* under the name of Audax Minor, aptly nicknamed Jamaica "Footsore Downs." Toney Betts, who writes about racing for the *New York Mirror*, claimed the only equivalent to its working-class atmosphere was London's Alexandra Park. Tom O'Reilly, of *The Morning Telegraph*, found it as comfortable as the neighborhood saloon. Although I have been lucky at Jamaica, I always found its human atmosphere like a cross between a zoo and night court.



BE-DERBIED Eugene Wood in 1903, another Tammany boss, Jamaica founder.

One was always well protected by Pinkertons from well-known pickpockets and other crooks at Jamaica. On the track's first day in 1903 three detectives from the police department's Central Office staff attended the races, looking not for winners but for Barney Kelly, well known to them, who had recently come out of jail in Wilkes-Barre, Pa. On the night of his release he had relieved a wealthy Wilkes-Barre resident of his silverware. Detectives McCarley, Deevey and Gallagher, accompanied by a post office inspector, had no trouble spotting their man. He was standing in the center of the big, ornate grandstand yelling his head off for his horse running in the third race. They surrounded him.

"Don't bother me," Barney Kelly screamed, "I've got a bet down!"

The Central Office men stood beside their man and remained quiet during the running of the race. "Gee, look at Palmbearer, it's Palmbearer in a walk," Barney Kelly shouted.

"He looks like a winner," Detective Gallagher agreed. Kelly never took his eyes off the horse, and the detectives got interested, too. "How much

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you got down, Barney?" Deevey asked. "Just a tenner—but, gee, look!" Palmbearer led down the stretch and under the wire. "Bully boy!" Kelly shouted. "Say, you fellows are mascots. Come along now and we'll cash in."

The detectives accompanied Barney Kelly to the jammed betting ring, where, happily, Barney collected his $70. Then he told the dicks his luck had been great all day and added that it was a pity to leave while it was holding up. They answered that, regrettably, he would have to come along now. But they discovered that there was no train until after the sixth and last race.

"Come on," Barney shouted jubilantly, "we'll try Blackstock this time. I never quit when luck is coming my way." He won on Blackstock in the fourth, and his horse in the fifth, Spring, came in third. "Well, a fellow can't win every throw," he said philosophically. He carefully doped the last race. "This is our only chance, and nobody knows when I'll get another crack at it," he told his guardians. "Say, fellows, how does Rostand strike you?" he asked anxiously. "Sounds good," one of the policemen said, scanning the form. Barney Kelly put $10 on Rostand, won, cashed his bet and said: "All right, you fellows, you bring a man luck," and off he went gaily en route to jail.

Politicians founded Jamaica, politicians frequented it for 56 years, and politicians, by virtue of their participation in control of New York's racing, have helped to doom Jamaica in favor of the shiny new plant at Aqueduct. The fans, a skeptical lot, know not what lies in store for them at Aqueduct. They may even shudder if it should prove to be too sylvan. Jamaica was just the sort of overgrown suhway station they enjoyed. They will go to the new track in hordes, but drab, concrete, unadorned Jamaica will stick in the dreams of many an inhahitant of Brooklyn, Queens, The Bronx, Manhattan and Richmond for years to come. The ugly old harridan off Baisley Boulevard, Jamaica, where the hard betting clientele was never distracted by charm or beauty, will be good for many a tearful night of barroom reminiscence after it probably shuts down its mutuel machines for the last time this year.

—M. R. WERNER

19TH HOLE *The readers take over*

THE SPORTS PAGE (CONT.): LETTER FROM A SPORTING NEWSHEN

Sirs

As the wife of a sportswriter, the friend of many others, a former newspaperwoman, the first to crack the sanctity of Denver's press box, I'm stung to a reply to your *What's with the Sports Page?* (SI, April 6).

To answer the managing editors point by point:

Tendencies to shunt the news in favor of the home team. . .

This is an error? Who has the best team? The one in your home town or the rival 20 miles away? What sportswriter worth his salt would give the benefit to the neighboring team in his own paper?

To accept publicity handouts in place of digging for stories of their own. . . .

So what? Many handouts simply give lineups, weights, previous ratings, etc. Handouts are rewritten in practically every instance, with slanted or objectionable material edited out.

Many good behind-the-scenes stories are killed because of outward pressures. . . .

Yes. And many times that pressure comes from management itself. Does the managing editor want his readers to know that the star of the basketball team has a father who's been jailed for drunkenness?

When sports becomes a hard news item . . . we assign a city-side reporter . . .

Few sportswriters of my acquaintance haven't at one time or another written for city-side and so are even better qualified to handle sports scandals or other "hard news" because they, being in the sports department, know the background and angles and all the people involved.

Don't tell me all the sacred cows are confined to the sports department. How about the candidate management is supporting for mayor? How about the publisher who refuses to allow publication of the picture of the home team's leading basketball scorer—just because his skin is black? Huffily yours,

MRS. JOHN D. ALEXANDER

Santa Barbara, Calif.

LETTER FROM AN EDITOR

Sirs:

The following editorial appeared in the April 11 issue of *The Blood-Horse*.

The late Thomas B. Cromwell, when he first went to old Latonia as a representative of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, received an envelope from the management at the end of the week.

"What's this?" he asked.

"It's a little check you've earned by your services to Latonia and to racing," he was told.

The young man returned the envelope.

"I don't work for Latonia," he said. "I work for the Cincinnati *Enquirer*."

This incident and some infrequent repetitions of it in later years were called to mind last week by a short article in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in which managing editors, answering a questionnaire, expressed "some frank opinions on the quality of sports reporting." (A devilish notion to solicit from sports reporters some frank opinions on the quality of managing editors came within tempting distance, but we put it aside.

Among the managing editors' criticisms of sportswriters: Some are "damn near illiterate." Many stories remain unwritten because of the reporters' tendency to be "good sports," or in order to maintain easy relations with management and players. The writers turn out "booster stuff" because promoters fawn on them. Space given professional teams is traded for transportation and traveling expenses. Sports reporting is "almost entirely surface reporting, completely uncritical."

Apparently none of the managing editors went so far as to accuse promoters of direct bribery. But there still are promoters, in racing and elsewhere, who think that the only good press is an uncritical press; there are too few who understand that a controlled press, whether regimented through sweetness, subtlety, or subornation, represents a dangerous neurectomy.

J. A. Estes
Editor

The Blood-Horse
Lexington, Ky.

READERS AND REPORTERS

Sirs:

Concerning your article *What's with the Sports Page?* There seems to be something about the profession which inhibits good writing. And we in New England, unfortunately, have some of the worst of the breed.

The day after I read your article the Minneapolis Lakers played the Boston Celtics in the first game of the final NBA playoff series. Elgin Baylor, justly acclaimed as one of the best basketball players in the league, played rather badly that day. He snared only 11 rebounds (five other players outrebounded him); he scored 34 points but missed 19 shots from the floor in 33 attempts (an average shooting percentage); he lost the ball on several occasions with poor ball handling, walking violations, etc. and he missed seven out of 13 foul shot attempts.

And yet, so hypnotized were the Boston sportswriters by Baylor's past performance and his 34 points that not one of them commented on his poor play.

All of this is mentioned to point out how badly our sports are reported. The

continued

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IN THE HEART OF THE METROPOLITAN LOS ANGELES AREA AT CENTURY BLVD. AND PRAIRIE AVE. INGLEWOOD, CALIF.

sportswriters seem to be trapped in their own cliché-ridden verbiage.

JAMES JOINER
Hampton, N.H.

Sirs:

The managing editor who declared that behind-the-scenes sports stories go unwritten because of pressures on reporters could not have been more correct.

While I was a college sports editor and, later, a small-town sports editor (Marietta, Ohio, *Daily Times*), I wrote and ran several articles which placed me in uncomfortable positions.

I detailed one of those PLAYER CUT FOR DISCIPLINARY REASONS stories, thereby entering a long-term doghouse hitch.

I went after reasons because my readers were entitled to know why a player was cut from the team, why the big game was lost, why the coach resigned, etc. For those efforts I was accused of "pumping" by sources or those with special interests.

Even the better sports staffs will have to get better yet.

PRIVATE ARNOLD MARKOWITZ
Fort Dix, N.J.

Sirs:

As a spectator who spent some 10 years in the sportswriting field before becoming fed up, I was touched by your article on one of my pet peeves—the nation's sports page. Perhaps I am a bit too critical, having spent some time on the other side of the desk, but I seldom pick up a sports page in my travels around the country that I do not burn from seeing someone bury a good story in a two-paragraph short or overplay some private or newspaper promotion in a manner which is designed to stuff the propaganda down the readers' throats.

However, I feel that at this time I must come to the aid of my former colleagues and place the blame where I feel it most belongs, on the stiff backs of the same managing editors whose comments you so prominently displayed.

I am sure you would get some interesting comments if the sports department was canvassed for criticism of management.

By and large the sportswriting field is the most underpaid group of journalists in the world. Even so, most sportswriters try to do a good job and very few are worth less than they are paid. I separate from this category the alcoholics, the pensioned police reporters who have put out to pasture in the sports department, the nephew of the stockholder who is determined to become a newspaperman and is stationed in the most harmless spot possible, etc.

With space at a premium, the sports column is another of my pet sports page peeves. I can see no reason whatever for running a column each and every day just because the sports editor or a top assistant has authority to do so and display his name and picture prominently. That space on most papers, at least, is far too valuable to tie up with a column unless the columnist has something with enough meat in it to interest the reader. Few of the sports columnists outside New York, Chicago or Los Angeles can or will come

up with more than one readable column a week.

Some of your correspondents write far better stuff for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED than they do for their own papers. Why? Many managing editors do not recognize good sports copy when they see it and if one of those pieces turned up in the morning page there would be nasty notes. Yet, the average sports reader loves it, as witness SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's rapid rise in popularity.

I must admit there are far too many free-loaders in the sportswriting field. Why? It probably stems from the limited budgets of most sports departments. Most of the larger metropolitan papers pay their own way but far too often it is necessary to travel at the expense of the promoter or team which the reporter is covering. At first glance this might be construed as money saved in the eyes of management. But the promoters themselves know when the first "fringe benefit" is accepted that they are "in"

I have seen many sports reporters work as many as 20 hours a day when overtime was forbidden by management just because there were stories which had to be covered. I have seen these same reporters dig into sensational and human interest stories which would brighten the eyes of most educated editors only to have the stories tossed into the wastebasket because some big advertiser or an influential local citizen might have his feelings hurt. This is journalism?

K. W. RICE

Carrollton, Texas

Sirs:

As a former sportswriter, I have watched with much interest the *What's with the Sports Page?* controversy.

It is my considered opinion that the managing editors hit a new high in stupidity

The only good writing, the only imaginative writing in the average newspaper today, appears on the sports pages

I suggest that every managing editor reread the chapter titled "Under the Guns" in Paul Gallico's masterful *Farewell to Sport.*

This paragraph tells why there are so few Rices, Gallicos and Lardners today:

> Now they want that story. They don't want it fancy, they want it quickly. Every second counts in getting on the street with the complete story of the fight, to beat the opposition. Trucks are waiting at the delivery room There are trains to be made at the big terminals To hell with pulling a Joe Conrad or a Kipling. They want type. They must have type. If it is any good, so much the better for the man covering the story. But you cannot put beautiful but unwritten thoughts into a paper. You need that type. . . .

Thank God for the sportswriters! The readers need them in these days when the front page carries nothing but bad news 365 days a year.

ROBERT L. RUSSELL

Dunedin, Fla.

● For the views of one of America's most distinguished sports editors see page 28.—ED.



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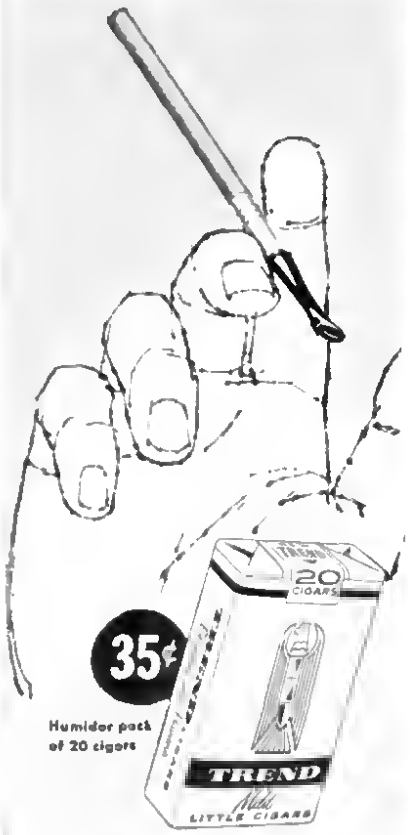
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CORNELL POLO TEAM

'A family affair'

THE three happy men above are two brothers and their cousin about to accept the 37-year-old trophy symbolic of the Intercollegiate Polo Championship. Together they make up Cornell University's indoor polo team, which not only took the collegiate title from Yale, Virginia, Miami and Georgetown, but also captured the Eastern 12-Goal Championship as well—the first time a college club won that hallowed event.

All three—Bennet Baldwin, Peter Baldwin and Stanley Woolaway—are from Hawaii. "Our father, Richard Baldwin," says Ben, "held a 7-goal rating and started us playing when we were kids. Once you get to love horses nothing else exists. With us it's always been a family affair." When England's Cambridge University issued a challenge Peter Baldwin and Woolaway, along with Yale's George Weymouth and Virginia's Dick Riemenschneider, constituted themselves the U.S. intercollegiate team and on borrowed ponies not only beat Cambridge, but the Duke of Edinburgh's Windsor Park team as well.

Presenting the cup is Mrs. Stephen Roberts, wife of Cornell's longtime polo coach (and professor of veterinary medicine) whose constant enthusiasm and skillful management of what has to be a self-supporting sport has enabled scores of boys to try their hands at one of the world's oldest and fiercest competitive games.



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